HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE RECALL—"MAKE THE BEST OF YOUR WAY TO THE SHIP."—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 1140.]

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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FOREIGN OPINIONS ON OUR ELECTION.

IT is no exaggeration to say that no Presidential campaign in the United States has ever attracted so much attention and been followed with such genuine and keen interest in Europe as has the one just closed. European merchants, manufacturers, bankers, and investors in American securities or industrial enterprises watched its developments with an anxious anticipation of the economic results which its outcome, one way or the other, would bring forth. The little band of European bimetallists earnestly debated the question whether the victory of free coinage in the United States would further or obstruct the realization of their dream. The "agrarians" of Germany and Austria, whose ideas of the debt-paying charm of the depreciated silver dollar agree substantially with those of our Populists, longed to see us make the adventurous free-coinage experiment and to set the silver ball rolling for their benefit. The detractors of popular government looked for results calculated to verify their dismal predictions as to its eventual failure, while the friends of free institutions hoped and prayed with keen solicitude that the American people would issue from the crisis without blemish. Thus the election returns were, according to all accounts, awaited all over Europe with an unprecedented concern.

We may, indeed, safely assume that our well-wishers were in the majority on the other side of the ocean; but it is equally probable that most of them, at least of those who had never been in this country or made it the subject of study, were disquieted by a current of serious apprehension. The fact is that the European press, with very few exceptions, has in the past done but little to disseminate correct ideas about American conditions. It has, on the contrary, by the indiscriminate publication of sensational stories, predisposed the European mind to believe of us that which is bad rather than that which is good. It has thus spread the impression that in this republic everything is done in a disorderly, reckless, wild sort of way; that we are constantly sitting on a volcano ready to erupt; that the most extravagant social and political doctrines are apt to become the most popular among us; that calm reason and conscience play but a very subordinate part in our doings, public and private; that violent civic commotions are here at all times possible, if not probable; and that the day is approaching when this big country will be torn into fragments by internal dissensions, or when some daring demagogue or some military hero, appealing either to the greed of the masses or to the fear of the classes, will make an end of the republican experiment and establish a dictatorship, or something akin to it, founded on force. To many Europeans the BRYAN campaign appeared like a premonitory symptom of such a catastrophe.

To judge from the utterances of European newspapers, the result of the Presidential election has served to impart to Europeans a much clearer and more just appreciation of the intellectual and moral forces which determine the judgment and shape the political action of a majority of the American people than they ever had before. It is true that there are still some voices which betray a woful lack of knowledge or a desire to believe evil. When the *Westminster Gazette* says that the "cleavage of the East and West is very apparent and is an alarming feature of the situation," it speaks in the teeth of obvious fact. Still more absurd is the outburst of the Paris *Soleil*, which tells us that "the present state of the public mind would almost suffice for a man with courage to tear up the stars and stripes, to find behind him all the rough Western pioneers, including many old German soldiers inured to discipline." The writer in the *Soleil* is evidently not aware how amusing a spectacle the "man with courage to tear up the stars and stripes" would be to his American fellow-citizens. An organ of the Ultramontanes in Germany, the Cologne *Volkszeitung*, is seriously disturbed because it believes that Mr. MCKINLEY is the "prophet of Know-nothingism and inimical to Catholics." It therefore sees reason to fear the consequences of the election "economically, politically, and religiously." Neither are the German and Austrian agrarians satisfied with the unwillingness of the Americans to fetch the hot silver chestnuts out of the fire, and their newspaper organs give voice to their chagrin in moody growls. There are also some signs of disquietude as to the possibility of a revival of extreme protectionism in consequence of Mr. MCKINLEY's election, but the hope is expressed that the consideration to which the sound-money Democrats have entitled themselves at the hands of the Republicans may check this tendency.

But on the whole the European press, especially that of England and of Germany, gives ample evidence that public opinion abroad has grasped the true significance of our election, and no organ of that opinion expresses this appreciation more justly than the London *Times* when it says: "The American people have earned the congratulations of the whole world. They have vindicated the character of the republic for honesty and dignity, and for contempt for demagogic arts. It is essentially not a party victory, and when Mr. MCKINLEY takes the reins that fact must not be forgotten. There is reason to believe that the victory will bring a sound-money majority into the Senate. The immediate fact, however, is that the subversive and dishonest doctrines which Mr. BRYAN championed have been spurned and swept aside by the plain honesty and simple common-sense which we rejoice to note are still characteristic of the majority of the countrymen of WASHINGTON and LINCOLN." Even Lord SALISBURY felt himself moved to compliment the American people in his recent Guildhall speech on "the splendid pronouncement made by them in behalf of the principles which lie at the base of all human society." The Old World has learned something about us which it will not soon forget. It is that the American people may sometimes appear to be lured on by artful demagogy or false teachings to the brink of a precipice at the bottom of which are dishonesty and dishonor, but that they may be trusted, when they have looked over the edge, to turn resolutely back and to walk the path of honor and wisdom. After this experience Europe will have a much firmer faith than ever before in American character and American good sense. Our civil war taught the world that a people like ours may be free, and govern itself by universal suffrage, and be strong at the same time. Our recent election has taught the world that a people like ours may be free, and govern itself by universal suffrage, and at the same time remain honorable, prudent, and orderly.

NO DANGER OF ALARM.

NEARLY four months must elapse before Mr. MCKINLEY's formal inauguration as President. He has been elected President of the nation, and not President of the Republican party, as one of our English contemporaries well put it, and the most important subject for his thoughts is the welfare of the whole country. He must organize his administration, and he will no doubt compose an inaugural address that will re-enforce the victory that was won on the 3d of this month in behalf of the cause of sound money. Whatever he says, however, will be distorted and twisted by the enemies of the republic on both sides of the water. It goes without saying that the beaten Bryanites will try to turn to their account anything in the address that may indicate an intention on the part of the new President to attempt to mark his administration by a strong partisan, especially by a strong tariff, policy, but a good many other people besides the Bryanites are fearful of a strenuous Republican tariff policy, and are prone to accept any distasteful newspaper rumor on this subject as resting on valid grounds and as probably true.

As a matter of fact, there is no danger of tariff legislation by the present Congress, and hardly any by the next. It is true that the Republicans will have a majority of about six in the new Senate, if every one who has heretofore been a Republican is counted as still belonging to that party. But how unjust such an estimate is may be judged from the fact that in such a list of Republican Senators must be included Mr. TELLER, who has openly disavowed his allegiance to the party, and the other Republicans, or their successors, who, last winter, refused to permit the passage of the DINGLEY tariff bill. There is no reason to suppose that the free-silver Republicans from the West feel any the more kindly to their protection brethren of the East in consequence of the notable victory that has just been gained for sound money. The real reason why many of the Western Republicans believe in the free coinage of silver is that they are logical protectionists. They want their industry fostered by the government. They accept and assert the logic of the protection policy, insisting that if the manufacturers of the East are to enjoy the pecuniary advantages of the policy, the silver-mine owners shall share in the plunder. The idea that no kind of a law but a tariff law can foster an industry is naturally and properly received by them with scorn. It is doubtless true that they recognize the extent and finality of their defeat, but, nevertheless, they are not likely to consent to reward the members of their own party who have been in the front of the fray against them by increasing tariff taxes for the benefit of their constituents.

We say this because it seems necessary to speak a word of reassurance. There are rumors abroad that Mr. MCKINLEY will call an extra session of Congress for the purpose of framing a new tariff bill with higher rates of duty, as if an average of something like forty-five per cent. were not sufficient for infant industries, many of which were thriving on twenty per cent. just before the war. It was announced, before any of the persons most deeply and immediately concerned had had time to recover from the news of the election, that the leading Republicans of Congress had determined that Mr. DINGLEY should at once set himself to the task of preparing a new tariff bill.

Now it turns out that Mr. MCKINLEY has not thought of calling an extra session for any such purpose, and that Mr. DINGLEY will not set about preparing a tariff bill for the Fifty-fourth Congress until he is actually appointed Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of that Congress, if he does then. Indeed, Mr. DINGLEY has said as much as this in an interview which was published last week, and in the course of the same interview he announced that he did not expect that his own pending bill, which is a pretty bad one, could possibly be passed in the Senate at the approaching session.

It is to be expected that Mr. MCKINLEY will have a good deal to say in behalf of the protective policy in his inaugural address. A man who has risen into prominence on an issue of that kind cannot be expected to be silent on it when he finds himself President of the United States, but it is devoutly to be hoped that Mr. MCKINLEY will exhibit in his inaugural that reticence and self-restraint, and that fulness of appreciation of the true and paramount issue of the late campaign, that he manifested in his letter of acceptance—in a word, that he will really be President of the nation, and not merely President of his party. Whatever he may say, however, there is now no reason to believe that his party has any desire whatever either to restore such rates of duty as those of the MCKINLEY act, or to plunge the country at once into a tariff agitation. We take it for granted that the average sense of the Republican party on this subject was expressed in a reported interview in which Senator MCMILLAN, of Michigan, was made to say:

> "The less Congress is in session the better. It is impossible at this time to judge as to the probabilities of a special session. We want to see how that WILSON bill will operate under the new order of things. It depends on importations. If the receipts of revenues should increase sufficiently to meet the expenses of the government, I doubt whether a special session would be called. If, however, they should prove insufficient, prompt measures, I suppose, would be demanded. Republican action on tariff revision is, in the future, a subject for consultation with the 'sound-money' Democrats—a subject for consultation and compromise."

If it is as a revenue-raising device that a tariff bill is to be framed, it certainly would seem wise to find out what the WILSON law will accomplish under favorable or normal conditions. Every one knows that it has been denounced for the sins of the free-silver agitation, and a good many people who know something of Treasury operations expect that, with the currency question settled so far as free coinage is concerned, the present law will raise abundant revenues. And if the present law does raise sufficient revenue, there will be no immediate danger of any serious effort to increase our tariff taxes. It is wellnigh certain that tariff rates will never again equal those of the MCKINLEY act, the oppression, rank dishonesty, and injustice of which resulted so disastrously to the Republican party in 1892. And it ought to be as certain that success shall not follow any attempt, such as is made in the DINGLEY bill, to restore duties on raw materials that have once been placed on the free list. Manufacturers have adjusted their business to the existing tariff, and they and the producers have the right to demand that they shall enjoy all the benefits of the law until it has been demonstrated that the law, under normal and healthful conditions, cannot furnish adequate revenue. And it should also be borne in mind that not only should all purely selfish tariff agitation cease, not only should business be left at peace, not only should the law have a fair trial, but that the people of the country have not yet expressed an adverse opinion on the WILSON law, as they did on the MCKINLEY law, no matter what political protectionists may say to the contrary.

LORD SALISBURY ON VENEZUELA.

LORD SALISBURY's announcement at the Lord Mayor's banquet that the Venezuelan dispute between this country and Great Britain was settled did not come as a surprise to this side of the water. Since the publication of the correspondence between Mr. OLNEY and Lord SALISBURY on the subject of general arbitration, the friendly conclusion of the unpleasant discussion over Venezuela has been assumed by the American people, who are always optimists, especially as to their foreign affairs.

So far as the WEEKLY is concerned, we have never imagined that war would issue out of the affair, or that Mr. OLNEY's blunt diplomacy would be deeply resented or ineffectual. Granting that the manner in which the Secretary of State put his demand, and that any interference in the controversy between Venezuela and Great Britain at all, are to be regretted, it must be admitted that Mr. OLNEY has gained a decided triumph, and it is not to be denied that Great Britain will not lose anything by yielding to the claim which this country championed. It would have greatly improved her position on this side of the water if she had long ago been more considerate of her international relations with American governments. Besides, in this affair with Venezuela there never was any doubt that her refusal to arbitrate the whole question was wrong. It was more than an obstinate refusal to acknowledge the claims of a smaller state; it was a confession, at least to all who were familiar with the case so far as it had then gone, that Great Britain intended to keep what she had taken so long as she could, without regard to the equities of Venezuela's claim. No one knew where the boundary-line was, because, as we pointed out long ago, there never was a boundary-line. Therefore the declination of Great Britain to submit to arbitration could possibly mean nothing but a contemptuous refusal to yield any point to so small and weak a power as Venezuela.

Now that Lord SALISBURY has announced that the case is settled, the President and Mr. OLNEY have not only accomplished their object, but they will receive that generous credit which the world always accords to success. Not many Americans will recollect the dispute as to our right to meddle with the matter, in view of the fact that Lord SALISBURY has agreed to respond to the demands of Mr. OLNEY. Whatever limitations there may be as to the subject of arbitration, we are sure that no trouble will arise from them. The rights of some British settlers, not only to their property, but to be governed by the laws of England, have been acknowledged by the United States, and Mr. OLNEY's clever proposition to apply the principle of prescription, leaving under British control such British settlements as have been for fifty years in their possession, is perfectly satisfactory to Venezuela.

There may come out of all this, as we have more than once intimated, that which will dim the glory of having persuaded a British Premier to change his mind. We have made a pretty large claim to supervisory jurisdiction over other American states, and Great Britain has quickly, almost eagerly, admitted our most extravagant demand of rights on this hemisphere. But there cannot be rights of any kind that do not carry with them equally important responsibilities. The right to protect or sustain a state is one thing; responsibility for the conduct of a state over which we have no control is quite another thing.

EXIT ALTGELD.

AMONG the minor results of the election, one of the happiest is the apparent extinction of ALTGELD. Upon the whole he has been quite the most dangerous enemy to American institutions of all the ruffianly gang which has broken out of the forecastle of the ship of state and attempted to occupy the quarter-deck and seize the helm. The common American demagogue is at least a home-grown product. We understand him, and we know how to deal with him when he becomes past bearing. Usually he has nothing more injurious in view than his own subsistence and prosperity. He thinks he "must live," and he cannot be very seriously blamed for thinking so, even by those who do not agree with him. When he waxes too fat and kicks, when, for example, he thinks it useful to him in his business to present a law-breaker to his fellow-citizens as a proper person to be a judge of their highest court, his fellow-citizens have the remedy in their own hands. They can bury his candidate under a majority of, say, 100,000; and himself, when he next solicits their suffrages, under a majority of 150,000, and so make an end of him. Even where a boorish demagogue like TILLMAN appears, a demagogue in whose unscrupulous desire to succeed there is a distinct mixture of malice, we can make allowances for him. We comprehend that he represents the only American society in which there is really a "proletariat," that he belongs to it, and that his emotions are divided between contemptuous hatred of those who are beneath him because they are black, and envious hatred of those who are above him because they are what he calls "aristocrats," and we are not alarmed if he rallies the "crackers" of a State, or even of a group of States in which the same conditions exist, to his support.

But the ALTGELD variety of "hatred, envy, and malice" is of quite a different kind, and is distinctly an exotic. It can survive, and in ALTGELD's case it has survived, the personal prosperity of its victim, for ALTGELD is an almost solitary example of a successful man who resorts to the cave of Adullam to herd with the discontented.

No doubt he would not have been elected Governor of Illinois if the people had known what manner of man he was. But he was not long in letting them know. The pardoning of the anarchists who had been left alive was a great shock to all loyal Americans. It was a defiance of public order and an outrage upon public decency. Not less shocking and scandalous was his attempt to keep the Chicago riot going even after the President had been forced to interfere to put it down. His hatred of the President since has been in part due to the fact that the President had thwarted him, but it is also in part due to the fact that the President is the representative of order and decency and all the things he himself hates. When ALTGELD, having shown what he was, was allowed to get control of the Democratic party, and to commit it to free riot, the nadir of American politics was reached. He made his appeal to the people of Illinois, and they have decided it. From the adverse majority of 100,000 under which he was buried when the people got their first fair chance at him it is to be hoped and believed that he will never emerge.

THE HORSE SHOW.

THE Horse Show has passed off much as usual, with more fine horses than ever before, and as many fine people as usual to look at them and themselves contribute to the interest of the spectacle. People who think of the Horse Show as a fad of uncertain continuance fail to reckon with its strong points. One of them is the interest in horses, which is an ardent passion with a few people and a lively and continuous emotion with a great many. The Horse Show, on its merits as a show of horses, is bound to attract these horse-loving people; and as many of them are rich and smart, of course they help to make the show fashionable. A show that is the fashion always tends to attract crowds because it is the fashion, irrespective of what kind of a show it happens to be. The Horse Show has always profited by that tendency, and seems as likely to profit in the future as in the past. It has the advantage of coming at a time of year when our friends from out of town like to come to New York to do some fall shopping and to have a little seasonable fun. They like the Horse Show, and with reason; for, being in New York, they like to see the New-Yorkers, and there they find a great number of the more interesting species of them rounded up conveniently for inspection. There, too, they find the material expression of the latest ideas in raiment, and that interests the gentler half of them more than the sterner contingent can ever realize.

The Horse Show is a catholic entertainment. It gathers a lot of people of different tastes, purposes, and expectations from divers parts of the country, and amuses them all, so that, for one reason or another, they are glad to have seen it. It is a good enterprise, and has plenty of claims on the approval of the public besides its usefulness in improving breeds of horses. One service of importance which it does is to help maintain the Madison Square Garden and to keep it where it is. New York could ill afford to spare that building, and any wholesome show that helps largely to maintain it has a good claim on that account to public support.

A TYPICAL SOCIALIST.

LAST week we had occasion to point out that while we are facing socialism in this country, its expression with us is much milder and much less aggressive than its daily conversation in Europe.

There are a good many socialists in Mr. BRYAN's company who are quite capable of any deed of violence against the existing order of things—even, we imagine, to the hanging of a few capitalists. During the last days of his campaign, when he had discovered the weakness of the silver issue, Mr. BRYAN himself betrayed a very dangerous frame of mind, especially in his efforts to invite a war of classes. But, after all, his violence was that of the most fervid days of what had been a fervid campaign, while the "most advanced" among his followers, except TILLMAN, do not dare to utter the sentiments that are festering within them. ALTGELD, who is the ablest and most intellectual of the company, knows that no considerable American party and very few American politicians would adopt the principles which have such a strong support on the Continent of Europe.

But the BRYAN movement, and all the movements that have come to be included in it, are marching steadily towards the point that has been attained by the socialist leaders who have been chosen by the French and German people to help make laws for them. What that point is may be determined from a recent performance of M. JUARÈS, a leading socialist member of the French Chamber of Deputies. M. JUARÈS and M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, *Arcades ambo*, were attending the inauguration of a new co-operative glass-works at Albi, when M. JUARÈS, unable to express himself competently in speech, broke out in a new version of the famous revolutionary song of 1792, "La Carmagnole." Jumping on a table, he sang to the effect that republicans must have iron, lead, and bread—"iron to work with, lead to revenge ourselves with, and bread for our brothers." It was a socialist's own day, and it is no wonder that the sentiment of the new "Ça ira" also inspired in M. JUARÈS the sentiment that "every bourgeois should be hanged on the nearest lamp-post."

The French people elect as legislators men who sing such songs because they entertain such sentiments. In South Carolina they have elected one such man as a United States Senator, but as yet nowhere else in this country has the bad example been followed. Moreover, we doubt if such principles can ever command a majority in any State in the Union—except in South Carolina; perhaps not there very long.

CARELESS NOMINATING AND VOTING.

THE citizens of Massachusetts, and especially the citizens of Boston, are much exercised by the election of Mr. ISAAC ALLEN, of Boston, as a member of the Governor's Council. So strong is the feeling upon the subject that the very persons who procured Mr. ALLEN's nomination, and those who voted for him, are now casting about for some means of preventing him from taking a seat in the honorable body to which he has been chosen. The Governor's Council consists of nine members—the Lieutenant-Governor being a member *ex officio*—and no appointment to office made by the Governor is valid until it has been confirmed by the Council. The Councillors take rank next after the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and in case of the death or removal of those two officers the functions of the Chief Magistrate would devolve upon the Council.

Mr. ALLEN is a negro, and the office to which he has been elected is the highest to which a negro has ever been chosen in Massachusetts. But his color, we need not say, is not the ground of objection to him. Mr. ALLEN has a bad record. He served ten months in the House of Correction upon conviction of adultery; he was once charged with an offence even more serious; and he acknowledges that in former days he kept a gambling-room. It is true that Mr. ALLEN now looks upon himself as a reformed man, and that he holds a responsible position as trustee of a Baptist church; but these considerations do not appear to satisfy the people who voted for him. At this very election, one result of which was the choice of Mr. ALLEN, the voters had to decide upon a proposed constitutional amendment making the State election biennial instead of annual, and also making it coincide with the election held in a Presidential year instead of having it occur on the "off," or alternate, year. This amendment was opposed, and it was defeated, upon the ground that, instead of being an advantage, it is an evil to have the State election happen at the same time as a national or Presidential election; and the affair of Mr. ALLEN seems to prove the wisdom of this position. Mr. ALLEN was the Republican nominee, and in ordinary years the Republican candidate in the district of his nomination is defeated by a majority varying from five to eight thousand. The nomination therefore goes a-begging, and on this occasion it was given to Mr. ALLEN, partly as a reward to him for past political services and partly as a sop to the "colored vote." But this year thousands of Democrats in the district voted for McKINLEY, and incidentally they voted the whole Republican ticket. Some of the BRYAN men also, it is said, voted for Mr. ALLEN, out of spite against the Democratic nominee, who was a prominent advocate of sound money. In this way, greatly to the astonishment, and now to the disgust, of the people who nominated him, ALLEN was elected.

This result was of course largely due to the ignorance and carelessness of the voters. ALLEN's greatest majority was received in the Eleventh Ward of Boston, the ward which contains more independent and mugwump voters than any other. In short, he was elected by the very men who would have been most careful not to vote for him if they had taken the trouble to find out who he was. But ALLEN could not have been chosen under any circumstances had not the State election coincided with the national election. The disgrace of electing such a man is therefore to be referred ultimately to the practice of holding local elections in a Presidential year and on the same day.

POSTAL SERVICE IN NEW YORK.

MR. GEORGE W. SMALLEY, late the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, now the New York correspondent of the London *Times*, lived a long time in London and has spent the last year in New York, and says that, so far as his experience of it goes, the New York postal service is immeasurably inferior to that of London. "Immeasurably" is a strong word, but Mr. SMALLEY uses it advisedly and sticks to it. He lives in Seventy-fifth Street, between Madison and Fifth avenues. He says that the first mail in the morning is delivered at his house some time between eight o'clock and ten, the time of the delivery being various and uncertain, but that ordinarily he gets his letters about nine o'clock. Four other deliveries reach his house, the last one being "at some uncertain time between half past six and eight o'clock." In London, living nearly as far from the business centre as he does in New York, Mr. SMALLEY got his first letters daily at ten minutes before eight, and after that, from ten in the morning until ten at night, the deliveries were hourly. In London, he says, it takes about two hours to collect a letter and deliver it within the postal area, so that it is a common thing for a Londoner to mail a letter and get an answer by post within three or four hours. "Is that true, or anything like it true, of New York?" he asks sadly, and though he pauses, it is not for a reply.

Uncle Sam's post-office is a big concern that does many things very well, and carries a great many letters safely to their destinations, but we are pretty safe in taking Mr. SMALLEY's word for it that it does not serve the city of New York as well as it should, or nearly as well as the British post-office serves London. Mr. SMALLEY knows what a civilized being resident in a good quarter of a great city has a right to expect from his post-office, and he does a service in making his expectations public. The Post-office Department ought to make much more money than it does, and ought to have much more to spend in giving better services to the great cities out of which it gets its greatest profits.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S NEW PRESIDENT.

THE election of Edward John Poynter, R.A., to be President of the English Royal Academy, in succession to the late Sir John Everett Millais, has caused the usual amount of dissatisfaction among the admirers of other prominent candidates, and his choice is ascribed to that influence of the Queen which is such a bugbear to British radicals. Mr. Poynter is, however, an artist of high ideals and distinguished reputation, who will, both socially and artistically, worthily fill the place, in which he follows, in contemporary recollection, Sir Francis Grant, Lord Leighton, and Sir John Everett Millais. The sketch of him as a student in Paris, in *Trilby*, also brings his personality very near to the public.

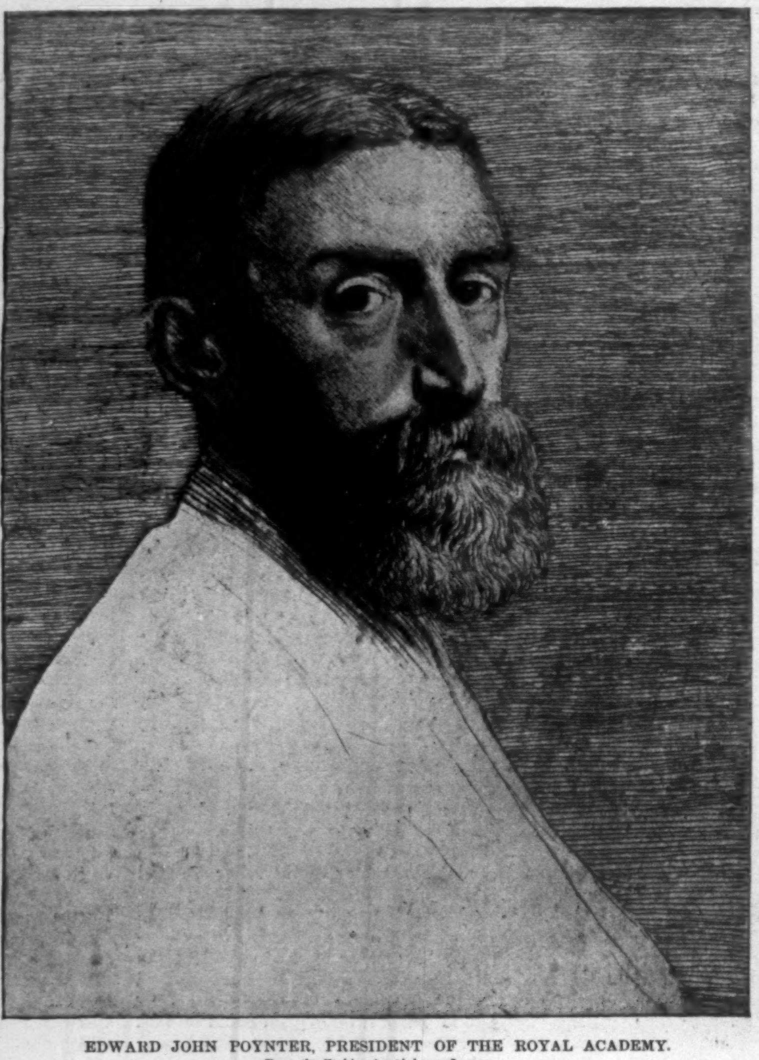
Just turned sixty, Mr. Poynter comes of an artistic family of distinction. He was born in Paris, March 20, 1836, the son of the architect Ambrose Poynter, and grandson of the sculptor Thomas Banks. After passing his youth in England, where he had his first instruction in art, Poynter returned to France to become a pupil of the École des Beaux-Arts and of Charles Gleyre. At the age of thirty-four he settled in London, having made his first appearance at the Royal Academy the previous year, 1859, with "Two Italian Pifferari." His "Proserpine," ten years later, won him an associateship, and "Atalanta's Race" brought about his election as a member in 1876. The picture he showed the following year, and deposited in the Academy on that event, was "The Fortune-teller."

For six years Mr. Poynter held the Slade Professorship of Art at Oxford, having been appointed in 1871, the year he became a member of the Water-Color Society of Belgium. He was for a time Director of Art and principal of the South Kensington Art Training-Schools, resigning in 1881.

A little over two years ago he succeeded Sir Frederic Burton as Director of the National Gallery. He has, by-the-way, aroused some comment by wisely deciding to retain this lucrative position.

Perhaps the artist's most widely known composition is the singularly graceful and spirited "Atalanta's Race," popularized, like much of his work, by engraving. Some of his other Academy exhibits were "The Catapult" (1868), "Perseus and Andromeda" (1872), "Zenobia Captive" and "A Jersey Lily" (Mrs. Langtry) in 1878, "Nausicaa and her Maidens playing at Ball," a charming composition (1879), "A Visit to Æsculapius" (1880), "In the Tepidarium" (1882), "Psyche" and "The Ides of March" (1883). "Diadumenè (1884)—which provoked much discussion about the nude in art when it reappeared in large size the following year—"On the Temple Steps" (1890), "When the World was Young" (1892), and "Horæ Terence" (1894). His "The Meeting of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba," of 1891, was bought for the National Gallery of Sydney, New South Wales. Mr. Poynter is the author of the cartoon for the St. George mosaic in Westminster Palace. On the death of the Duke of Clarence he designed the border of the letter from the Queen to the nation, and in 1894 he executed two sets of designs for the new coinage. His portrait of himself, which appeared unfinished at the Academy in 1888, is one of the collection at the Uffizi, in Florence. In 1879 his "Ten Lectures on Art" were published.

A. v. C.



EDWARD JOHN POYNTER, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
From the Etching by Alphonse Legros.

NEWLY ELECTED GOVERNORS.

ROBERT B. SMITH, Governor-elect of Montana, was born in Hickman County, Kentucky, in 1854. Mr. Smith was educated in the public schools and at the academy at Milburn. He entered early a law-office, and was admitted to the bar in 1877, and practised his profession for some years in Kentucky. He moved to Montana in 1882, settled at Dillon, and carried on a legal business there. In 1889 he went to Helena, and entered into partnership with Samuel Word, who retired in 1892, and was succeeded by his son, R. L. Word. In 1884 Mr Smith was a member of the Constitutional Convention, and in 1885, under Mr. Cleveland's administration, was made United States District Attorney, resigning in 1889. In 1894 he was nominated for Representative in Congress by the People's party in Montana.

Frank Steunenberg, Governor-elect of Idaho, is a comparatively young man, having been born in Keokuk, Iowa, in 1861. He spent his boyhood in Iowa, and then moved to Knoxville. He went to Idaho in 1887, and, in association with a brother, conducted the Caldwell *Tribune*. He was chosen member of the Constitutional Convention for Ada County, and was one of the prime movers of the Canyon County bill in the State Legislature of 1890. A eulogist says of Mr. Steunenberg, "He does not wear a neck-tie and has no beard." He is at present the editor of the Caldwell *Record*.

Alva Adams, Governor-elect of Colorado, was born in Iowa County, Wisconsin, in 1850, and had a common-school education. He went to Colorado in 1871, and settled at Pueblo, the most important town to-day in southern Colorado, and the capital of Pueblo County. There he became a successful hardware merchant, and has an extended business throughout Colorado. Becoming interested in mining, he is now the principal owner of a gold-mine which has heretofore paid large dividends. He became a member of the State Legislature in 1876, and was Governor from 1887 to 1889.

John R. Rogers, the Governor-elect of Washington, was born September 4, 1838, at Brunswick, Maine. He enjoyed good educational facilities, but left home at an early age to learn the drug business in Boston. He went to the State of Mississippi in 1856, where some years were passed as a druggist. During the late war he lived in southern Illinois, where he taught school, finally buying a farm and becoming a farmer. As all his relatives were Democrats and Southern sympathizers, he quite naturally held the same views. In 1870 he returned to his native town and the drug business. In 1876 he went to Kansas, again becoming a farmer. He was elected to a number of minor offices as a Greenback Republican. In 1887 he established the Kansas *Commoner*, now published at Wichita, one of the influential Populist papers of that State, and was its editor for three years. In 1890 he went to Puyallup, Washington, where he has since resided, and has been engaged in the real estate and merchandising business. Mr. Rogers is the representative of the Thirty-third District in the present Legislature. He was the author of the Barefoot School-boy Law, and was one of the few Populist legislators who did not ride on a railroad pass. He is the author of a widely circulated book on reform subjects, and is known as the "Puyallup Philosopher."

BOATS AND BOAT-SERVICE IN THE NAVY.

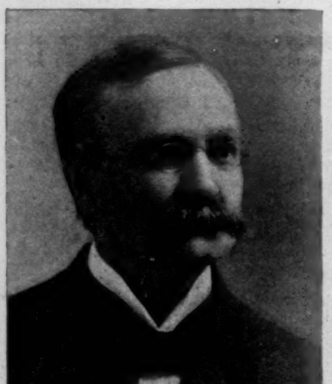
WHEN sails practically disappeared from the modern war-ship it seemed to many that the work of the sailor-man was to be a thing of the past, and that the engineer, the stoker, and the soldier would take the place of man-o'-war Jack. Well, Jack has not disappeared with the sails; he has changed somewhat, no doubt—and for the better, too, be it said—and so have his duties; but only in kind, not in degree, and while ocean rolls and winds blow, while men "go down to the sea in ships," the man who can command the ship, the man who guides her in safety through the storm and tide, the "man behind the gun" who fights her, will be the sailor-man.

His is a hard and laborious trade; one of danger even under the most favorable auspices, and to no one can the saying, "Every man to his trade," better be applied; for it is a trade where peculiar natural fitness, backed by long and thorough training in difficult and often delicate duties, is absolutely essential—duties which cannot be undertaken even by shipmates of other professions, however intelligent and otherwise capable they may be.

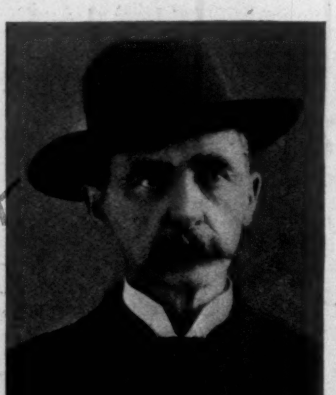
While twin screws have taken the place of towering masts and spread of canvas, steam-winch that of capstan, the ship's boats remain practically the same; boat-service calls for as much skill and seamanship in the management of these craft as in the old days, and the manner in which they are handled is generally indicative of the state of drill and discipline of a ship.

Boat drills are of frequent occurrence when in port. Much attention has been given to such exercises in Admiral Bunce's squadron, the whole fleet being frequently signalled to man the boats and to manœuvre in concert; while landing-drills, where all the ships' companies available are called away, armed and equipped for distant service, and drills under sail and under oars, form part of the most picturesque and interesting sights to be witnessed about the squadron. To any one who has heard, as I have, the startling cry of "Man overboard!" and has seen the well-disciplined crew scramble out on the davits, and, active as cats, lower the swinging life-boat into the waves alongside the great ship rolling her massive hulk on the heaving waters, and bending to their oars, dart out on the bosom of the deep to the rescue of a sinking shipmate in almost less time than it takes to tell, the sailor-man is still of the same metal, and is the worthy descendant of his prototype of the days of "Old Ironsides."

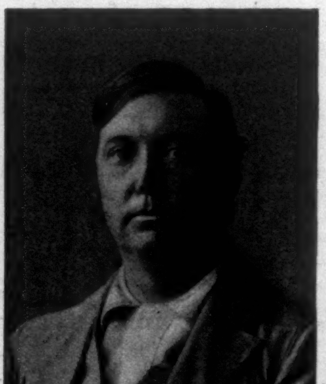
R. F. ZOGBAUM.



ALVA ADAMS (*Dem. and Free Silver Rep.*),
Governor-elect of Colorado.

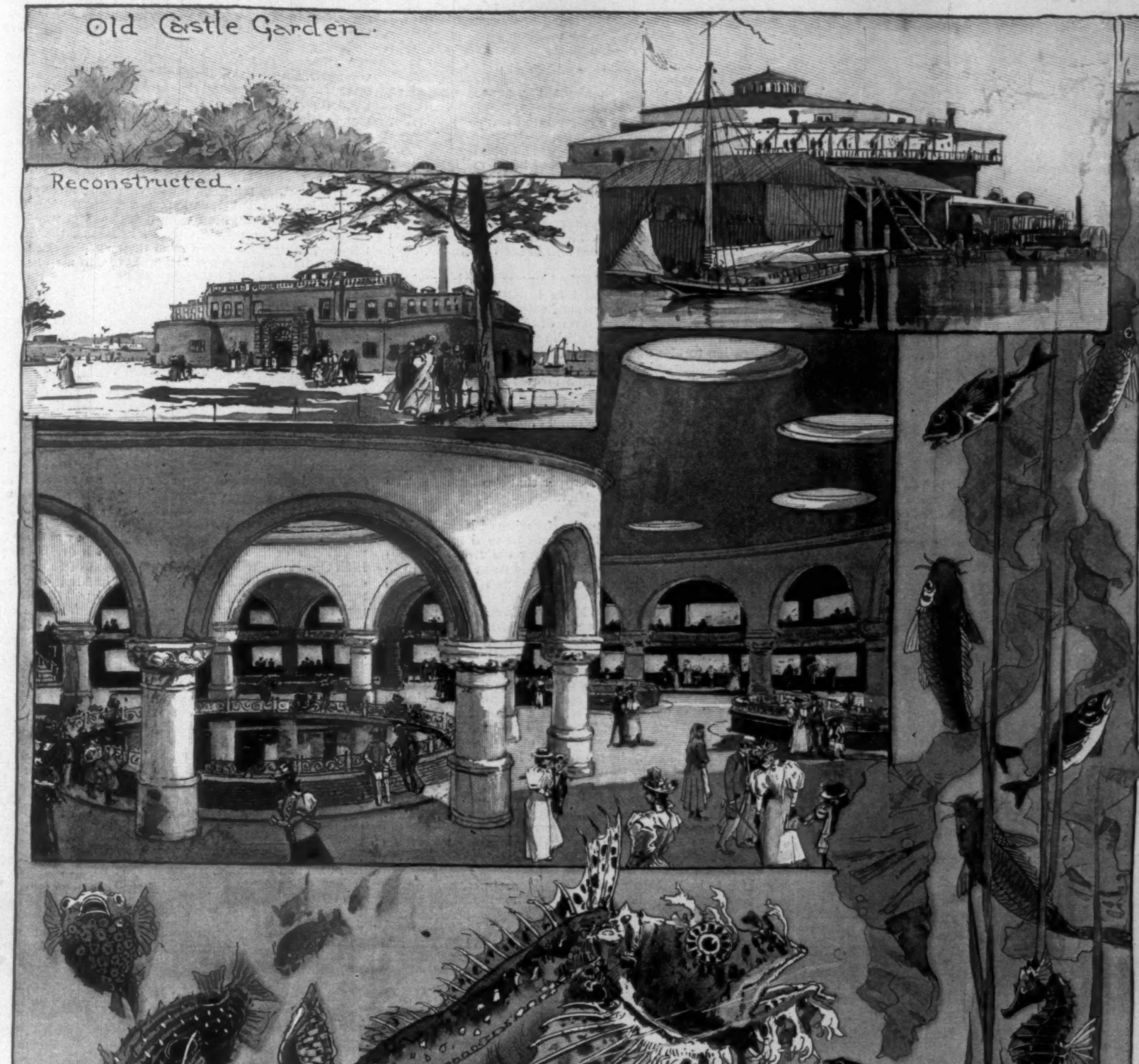


JOHN R. ROGERS (*Fusion*),
Governor-elect of Washington.



FRANK STEUNENBERG (*Dem.*),
Governor-elect of Idaho.

ROBERT B. SMITH (*Fusion*),
Governor-elect of Montana.



THE TANKS AND SOME OF THEIR CONTENTS.

THE NEW AQUARIUM IN HISTORIC CASTLE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 1143.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. Hanna has assured his friends in Cleveland that office has no charms for him, and that no official place would tempt him to give up his home and his daily association with the friends with whom his life has been spent. His preference, so expressed, is highly complimentary to Cleveland, and is the more worthy of appreciation because the attractions of that city have not always proved paramount with her sons. There are a number of very well known men who have houses on Euclid Avenue, and ample means to live in them in comfort, who are able to reconcile themselves to other environments and newer associations. Indeed, until very recently, it might have been said with a near approximation to truth that the best known citizens of Cleveland were those who lived in Florida, London, or New York. That is still true in great measure, but Mr. Hanna's case will now be cited in contradiction of it, unless, indeed, when he gets fully rested he should change his mind.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Hanna has enriched his library by a collection of the pictures of himself which have appeared within the last six months. He was the most grossly caricatured of any one who was conspicuous in the campaign—so very grossly, indeed, in the most familiar case, that the effect was not to excite antipathy, but mere laughter.

Mr. John Leighton, an old and intimate friend of the late Mr. Du Maurier, was in Paris at the time of Du Maurier's death. The visit of the Czar, with all its shows and gayeties, was in progress at that time, but did not so far monopolize attention but that a few artists of the Quartier Latin subscribed for the wreath, a picture of which is here shown, to be carried by Mr. Leighton to Du Maurier's grave. The wreath, described as "of large dimensions and truly Parisian," is made of imperishable flowers and beads, and inscribed, "Paris à Georges B. du Maurier." It hangs upon the cedar-tree at the head of the grave in Hampstead church-yard.

It is the impression of most persons who have been at any pains to inform themselves that the incident of the disturbance of the Bryan meeting in New Haven by Yale students was worked for all it was worth and very much more at the time of its occurrence. It has seemed that both the degree and continuousness of the disturbance were exaggerated, that the responsibility of Yale students for what did occur was taken for granted to an extent that the facts did not warrant, and that the excitement resulting from the whole affair was thriftily used to the prejudice of sound money. It seems, however, that Mr. Alexander Troup, chairman of the Connecticut Bryanite State Committee, is not satisfied, and has written a letter to the president and faculty of Yale reciting his grievance and calling for retribution. At this writing the Yale faculty has not replied to his letter, but it is hard to see how, with the best mind to promote the ends of justice, it can take any action which will alleviate Mr. Troup's concern. Unless reports of the Bryan meeting which ought to be reliable are very much at fault, Yale would gain by having the whole matter thoroughly investigated, and the facts sifted out and put on exhibition.

A doleful little newspaper paragraph dated, "Elmwood, Arkansas, November 9," states that the winter home and valuable library of Miss Alice French in that town were burned up the night before. Miss Alice French is "Octave Thanet," the familiar friend of the readers of the magazines. Her admirers will grieve over her misfortune, which might, however, have been worse, for the despatch says "the family narrowly escaped." It must be a serious matter to be turned out of house and library in November, even in the State of Arkansas. No doubt it will disarrange Miss French's schemes for her winter's work. Twelve thousand dollars is the newspaper estimate of loss, which is only partially offset by an experience of possible value in the making of a story.

The United States Supreme Court has declined to meddle with the verdicts of two lower Federal courts which declared Miss Harriet Monroe to be entitled to receive $5000 from the New York *World* as damages for the premature publication in that newspaper of the ode that Miss Monroe wrote for the opening of the Chicago Fair. Miss Monroe found out that the *World* had obtained an advance copy of her ode, and telegraphed that paper not to publish it, but the paper concluded to take its chances of being sued, and the ode appeared. Miss Monroe brought suit successfully in the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York. The *World* then appealed to the Circuit Court of Appeals, and was beaten, and now that the Supreme Court has declined to interfere, it looks as though Miss Monroe might get her money.

A family living in a suburb of New York is blessed with a grove of chestnut-trees which shade their front lawn. The trees bear five or six dollars' worth of chestnuts yearly, and the nuts attract hordes of nomadic boys, who gather them without other expense to the owner than the cost of the ineffectual labor spent in trying to keep the boys away. On a rainy Friday such an unusual number of boys appeared that inquiry was made as to why they were not at school. The reply was that school didn't keep on wet days.

It appears to be a common practice, about both New York and Boston, not to have school on rainy days. No doubt the objection is that the children catch cold sitting in damp clothes; but when the unschooled boys go chestnutting in the rain, the humorous side of the precaution shows up plain and large.

In a recent paragraph about the annual service at Gloucester for fishermen lost at sea, the Boston correspondent of the Weekly observed that it was strange that no American writer had taken the Gloucester fishermen for his theme, and that the subject had been left to Mr. Kipling, who had made good use of it. Mr. Kipling has, indeed, made excellent use of it, so far as one may judge from the first instalment of his story, but he is not quite first in the field. Mr. Kirk Munroe, for one, got there before him, and wrote *Dorymates, a Story of the Fishing-Banks* (Harpers), a book well known to the rising generation of American readers, and still in active demand.

The release of Mrs. Castle, the kleptomaniac lady whose shoplifting exploits and trial in London have been so fully reported in the newspapers, seems to have been due to the benevolent intervention of Ambassador Bayard, and to the desire of the English authorities to show consideration to him and to the wishes of Americans generally. Kleptomania is a very singular affection, the easements and incidents of which are very puzzling to the laity. It is hard to understand how a patient whose moral sense does not restrain her from theft should still retain so lively a regard for public opinion as to be overwhelmed with shame at being caught. The doctors say that Mrs. Castle is unquestionably irresponsible for her actions. If that is so, it is clearly right to release her, but it is also self-evidently proper that she should not be allowed to go at large hereafter.

Mayor Strong's appeal to the churches of New York to allow their Sunday-school rooms to be used temporarily during the week as school-rooms for children for whom public-school rooms are lacking would seem sure to have respectful consideration from the church authorities to whom it is addressed. Churches which have rooms which would be available for the Board of Education's use will doubtless offer them, and several have done so already; but the difficulty is likely to be that there are comparatively few churches with available quarters to spare in the part of the city where school-rooms are most needed. At the present writing only one offer is known to have been accepted, that of the Baptist Mission at Sixty-eighth Street and the Boulevard, which has a room that will seat 300 children. The Tremont Presbyterian Church, at 1743 Washington Avenue, has offered a room which holds 200 children. The Church of the Land and Sea offered its building, which could not be used, however, because the pews are fixed. Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's Church, reports that he has large school-rooms, but that they are largely in use already during the week for kindergarten purposes. It is safe to expect that what the churches of New York can do to help the city to provide for its school-children will be done.

It is to be hoped that the Navy Department will devise some effectual means to exorcise the hoodoo which makes so much trouble for the battle-ship *Texas*. Since she went into commission, less than two years ago, $40,000 has been spent on her for alterations, $100,000 for repairs at one time, and other smaller sums at other times. She has been twice aground, bent some of her plates in dry dock in Brooklyn, had difficulties with her hydraulic apparatus and her pumps, and dropped a six-ton anchor overboard. When she sank at the Cob Dock, at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard on November 9, in consequence of a break in her starboard injector, it upset the gravity of her acquaintances, and they smiled a broad grin.

There are those who are sceptic about the value of the *Texas*, and speak gloomily of faulty construction and defects in design, but her officers insist that she is a good ship, and that she will prove it sometime if she has the chance.

These are great times for pageants, and each successive spectacle is heralded as the greatest ever seen. The Czar's coronation was unprecedented, and the fêtes in Paris at the time of the Czar's visit were confidently described as the most gorgeous ever seen. The next "grandest spectacle of its kind the world has ever witnessed" is to be the procession of royalties next June from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's coronation. People who missed seeing the great sound-money parade in New York just before election might do well to see this show, which will, of course, be highly notable. Indeed, there is a chance to make it memorable in a very uncommon degree. Mr. Grover Cleveland will be out of office at that time, and if the Queen really cares to make her pageant a record-breaker she should try to induce Mr. Cleveland to form part of it, and ride in the same chariot with Lord Salisbury. If the chariot could be made extra wide, so that the same seat would accommodate Mr. Cleveland and the Sultan of Turkey, with Lord Salisbury between them, that would be an ideal arrangement for show purposes. But Mr. Cleveland, being a self-respecting man, would probably refuse to ride with the Sultan, and of course, being a plain citizen, he ought not to ride in such a parade with any sovereign. It is doubtful whether he would appear at all, though the management of the occasion will neglect the best interests of the event if they fail to urge him.

When a man of note dies, it is curious how much of the information that is given in the obituary notices is absolutely new to most of the people to whom he was known. Napoleon Sarony, who died on November 9, was known practically to all New York, and to thousands of people out of New York. The photographs he took have circulated pretty much everywhere during the last thirty years, and his signature became almost as familiar as was that of the late Mr. Spinner. But it was news to most people that he began life as a lithographer, and made a fortune in that business before he had anything to do with photography. It must have interested many people who know the three tall volumes which contain the record of Commodore Perry's Japan expedition to learn that most of the illustrations of that narrative were done by Sarony while he was still a lithographer. They are good pictures, and in many cases have won continuous shelf-room in private libraries for the volumes that contain them.

A rumor comes from Boston that the Boston Library wants Mr. Macmonnies's "Bacchante," after all. It would seem from the latest advices that the Library trustees liked the gay image at first sight, and were ready to a man to take her in; but disliking to take the responsibility of accepting her without her clothes, or for some other reason unknown, they decided to refer her to the Art Commission, in the expectation that that body would recommend her acceptance. Perhaps the Art Commission thought she was too good for any library; at any rate, it took action against her, and she came back to New York, where she has since been viewed with delight by a good many discerning people. Now, it seems, the Library trustees, having recovered from their surprise at the Art Commission's unexpected action, have had a fresh ration of sand served out to themselves, and declare that they must see how the image looks in the Library court. They have power to accept it if they choose, and they can't help but choose. So the prospect that the cheerful dame will rejoice the eyes of the dwellers in Manhattan grows sorrowfully less.

Uneasiness on the subject of Sunday golf is reported from Scotland, where the practice is condemned by a majority of the population as being a profanation both of the game and of the Sabbath. It is reported that Mr. Ferguson, M.P. for Leith, has been caught playing Sunday golf while away from home, and in consequence will probably lose his seat in Parliament at the next election. Several clubs in the north of England are reported to be undergoing the pangs of violent discussion on the Sunday question, with the issue uncertain. In this country the usual practice in clubs seems to be to let the individual members carry their own insurance, and play at their own moral risk, or abstain. Some clubs which decline to prohibit Sunday golf forbid the employment of Sunday caddies. A safe middle course for individuals is to tolerate Sunday golf as a blameless recreation for persons who feel that they can't do better with their time. Though not so spiritually lucrative as some Sunday occupations, golf is so quiet and so innocent as to be as nearly unobjectionable as any Sunday amusement can hope to prove.

The Worcester (Massachusetts) Polytechnic Institute is having sorrowful experience of how great a matter a little fire kindleth. The fire was kindled on a field used for athletic purposes, by students of the institute, in honor of the sound-money election. President Mendenhall forbade the students to make a bonfire. They say that as students they obeyed and refrained; but as private citizens, rejoicing on just grounds, they made a proper bonfire in a proper place at a suitable time, and that it did no harm. The president was unable to make this fine distinction between the conduct of students as students and their behavior as free and independent citizens, and when last heard from he had suspended about twenty lads who had declined to sign a paper, offered to all the students, saying that they had had no hand in the fire, and would obey the rules of the institute hereafter. To invite 200 lads, some of whom have built a bonfire, to sign a paper saying that they had no hand in it, with the understanding that those who don't sign must leave school, seems a remarkably easy and effectual way of getting rid of a lot of truthful scholars.

It is distressing to read that designing and unscrupulous men have been trying to fool the Police Commissioners of New York by using unlawful means to pass the examinations held by the board for applicants for admission to the force. The commissioners are experiencing the difficulty, familiar to the faculties of most colleges, of keeping the examination papers out of the hands of candidates until the examination begins. It appears that in some few cases the printing-house where the police examination papers are printed has leaked, and candidates have had the advantage of learning beforehand what questions would be asked, so that it is possible that there are men now on the force who not only cannot trace the course of the Mississippi River, but, what is worse, are of a defective integrity, and capable of using dishonest means to get a job. The commissioners, however, are on their trail, and retribution will follow, as well as increased solicitude to prevent such occurrences in future.

An interesting suggestion is made by a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who says that in England, when one has a large number of letters or circulars to mail at one time, he need not be at the trouble of affixing a stamp on each one of them, but may carry them to the post-office, pay the postage due on the whole, and pass them in. No postage-stamps are affixed, but the office simply stamps them "Paid," and they are forwarded. The *Herald's* correspondent thinks this British usage is worth imitating, and Postmaster Dayton agrees with him, considering that it would be a convenience to business men, though it could not be adopted without action by Congress.

One of the few tragedies which have resulted from the sound-money victory is the resignation of Colonel William L. Brown from the Manhattan Club. On election night, about two o'clock, the members of the Union League Club, having marched in procession all over their abode for some hours, and otherwise exulted, found their house too confining, and filed out into the street and down Fifth Avenue to the Manhattan Club, where they stopped and cheered. Instead of repelling them with execrations, the members of the Manhattan Club, who were not feeling as depressed as a Democratic defeat might warrant, had them in and used them like brethren. But Colonel Brown was too old a Democrat to fraternize with Union-Leaguers on election night. Not even the unusual character of the election could excuse such proceedings in his eyes, and his soul being grieved within him, he wrote a letter of remonstrance to President Coudert, and resigned. Mr. Coudert replied, extenuating the proceedings and urging Colonel Brown to reconsider his action; but the Colonel is obdurate, has published all the correspondence, and stays out.

E. S. Martin.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Only in England, the country of old men, could the highest ecclesiastical office have fallen to a man of seventy-five. Dr. Temple, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, is in every way a complete contrast to his predecessor. In appearance and address he is as blunt, rugged, and almost uncouth as Dr. Benson was suave, polished, and handsome. In manner he is decidedly brusque; in speech, downright and dogmatic; in work, a giant of energy and force. Quite recently Lord Salisbury, himself a great worker, said he was ashamed to talk of hard work in the presence of Dr. Temple. Even now, within a fortnight of his seventy-fifth birthday, his physical energy is as remarkable and his industry as indefatigable as ever. He has met with an immense amount of criticism during his career, and he has always treated it with absolute contempt. He goes on his way apparently impervious to praise or blame. In this, again, he is directly opposed to Dr. Benson. It would perhaps be exaggerating it to say that the late Archbishop tried to please everybody, and that Dr. Temple never tries to please anybody. But Dr. Benson, who was a pious, scholarly, amiable, but in no sense a great Archbishop, was all for the middle course. Dr. Temple never sat on a fence in his life. He has a mind that is always made up, and a will that forces his opinions upon all around him. He is the most pugnacious member now extant of the Church militant. His genius for saying hard things made him the terror of weak-kneed clergymen, whom he gleefully went out of his way to scandalize. Like Tait and Benson, he started life as a schoolmaster, and, like them, was engaged at Rugby. In 1860 he contributed to *Essays and Reviews* a paper on the "Education of the World." There is not much smell of gunpowder about it nowadays, but at the time it was thought wildly heretical. Worthy divines were deeply shocked at being told that "the faculty of faith had turned inwards, and could no longer accept any outward manifestation of God's word." He gave quite as much offence by coming out strongly in favor of Irish disestablishment in 1860. When, therefore, Mr. Gladstone nominated him for the See of Exeter, in 1869, there was an outburst of ecclesiastical fury. Mr. Gladstone was threatened with impeachment; a very clerical committee was formed to resist the nomination, and a public protest against the appointment was actually made in one of the London churches.

Dr. Temple easily managed to shed his Liberalism when once in office, and his bishopric was run on the usual Conservative lines. The metamorphosis was complete, and his old enemies became his warmest champions. "Once a heretic, always a heretic," said Coleridge; but Coleridge lived before Dr. Temple. His orthodoxy led him in 1885, with the general approval of the Church, to the Bishopric of London. The work he has done there has been enormous. He penetrated into every part of his diocese; he knew every inch of it by personal visitation; he worked untiringly in the cause of temperance and education; he could not come in contact with any organization without reforming it. On the whole, his appointment to the Archbishopric of Canterbury has been a surprise to the Church. It was thought that his great age would lead him to decline the offer. Only a few weeks ago, at Canterbury Cathedral, it was noticed how painfully apparent were the deficiencies of his eyesight. He had to be assisted over the slightest inequalities in the level of the flooring, and was unable to use any of the notes he had prepared for his sermon on the late Archbishop. The secret of his election is said to be his strong support of the educational policy of the government. Lord Salisbury will need a sturdy man at the head of the Church when the Education bill is brought forward again.

FREDERICK TEMPLE, D.D.,
Archbishop of Canterbury.

Dr. Temple's translation from Fulham, the palace of the Bishop of London, to Lambeth, revives an old story. Some advocate of "apostolic poverty," thinking to get a rise out of the Bishop, ventured the question, "Do you think, my lord, that if St. Paul were living now he would be found at Fulham Palace?" Bishop Temple replied at once, in that raucous voice of his, "No, my friend—at Lambeth." Which reminds me of a capital tale that used to be told of Archbishop Benson and Cardinal Manning. The Archbishop had written to a friend eulogizing the Cardinal's virtues, his goodness and tenderness, and dwelling lavishly on his respect and veneration for him, with much more in a similar strain. The letter was shown to the Cardinal, and roused him to the point of commentary. "I too," he said, "have always entertained a great regard for my dear sister of Canterbury."

With a public dinner given to him by the Lord Mayor of Belfast, Lord Dufferin closed his remarkable career of distinction in the English diplomatic service. It has often been said that Lord Dufferin is the one Irishman of genius now living in the world. He is also—which is more to the purpose just at present—the one subject of the Queen who has hanged a Turkish pasha. He has filled the highest offices in the service of the state. He has been Viceroy of Canada, Viceroy of India, Ambassador at Constantinople, Ambassador at Paris. He has drawn up a constitution for Egypt, which may be revived at some future time; he has added Upper Burmah to the dominions of the crown, and effected what seems likely to be a durable settlement of the Afghan question. He is one of the very few men who have been successful in diplomacy without being a professional diplomatist. All through his career he has shown that he was not the great-grandson of Sheridan for nothing. So far as wit, appropriateness, and ingenuity go, his speeches would compare well with any of his contemporaries. His farewell address at Belfast was an eloquent call to England to look after the supremacy of her navy, mingled with a hearty endorsement of the principle of arbitration. His words are worth quoting: "As was sure to be the case, it is in the bosom of the Anglo-Saxon race that the suggestion has germinated, thanks to what I may call its preference for the rule of thumb. The spirit of compromise and of give and take is of the very essence of our own daily life, of our private as well as our political transactions; and if anything practical in the direction I have indicated is to be elaborated, I sincerely trust that America and ourselves may have the first honor of its invention."

Germany is still convulsed with the "almost posthumous" revelations of Prince Bismarck in the Hamburger *Nachrichten*. The ex-Chancellor began by disclosing the secret—that every one at all conversant with European diplomacy already knew—that up to 1890 a full agreement existed between Germany and Russia to the effect that if either of them were attacked the other should observe a friendly neutrality. This of course cut directly at the Triple Alliance, and violated, if not the letter, at least the spirit of the Austro-German Treaty; but Bismarckian diplomacy was always of a frankly cynical nature. "Up to 1890," says Bismarck, in effect, "Germany was unassailable. The Triple Alliance stood firm and was respected abroad. The neutrality of Russia was guaranteed. And now behold the fruits of my dismissal and of Caprivi's philo-Polish policy—the good understanding with Russia gone, and its place taken by the Franco-Russian alliance, England hostile, the Triple Alliance crumbling." To all this the German government has made an official reply to the effect that it will make no reply. It is generally given out in Germany that the political duplicity of the Bismarckian days is a thing of the past; that German diplomacy stands henceforth only for an honest adherence to the Triple Alliance. The Parisians, meanwhile, are rubbing their hands, confident that Bismarck has not only fouled his own nest, but sown seeds of discord among the members of the Triple Alliance. Secure in their dual alliance, they grow mightily sarcastic over his indiscretion. In England there is not much genuine sorrow over the poor figure her former friend is cutting; rather, indeed, the reverse. England has discovered during the last year or two that she never did really like Germany, and that, however much she might try to disguise it, France and Russia were her only real friends.

Picaroon.

"THE MANDARIN."

Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith are among the benefactors of mankind. Those who contribute to our amusement are almost as valuable as those who aid our progress; for without goodly infusions of merriment now and then we should indeed be dull and heavy of foot. The record of Messrs. Smith and De Koven is enviable. To have written *Robin Hood* and *Rob Roy* is something to be proud of. If *The Mandarin*, now on exhibition at the Herald Square Theatre, is not so clear and sweet as the former, nor so brilliant as the latter, we must not look upon it with unmixed sorrow. It is so much more excellent than the average matter which we are called upon to accept as operetta that we should greet it with applause.

Messrs. Smith and De Koven have, as the title of their work implies, gone to China for the local color of their present production. In operetta it is believed by theatrical managers that this matter of local color, with its suggestions and opportunities in the departments of scene-painting and costuming, is of vast importance. Certainly where so large an appeal is made to the eye as there is in this form of entertainment, color, local or otherwise, is not to be despised. But the story of *The Mandarin* might as well have been placed in any other country as in China. There is nothing especially Chinese about the characters or the incidents. That, however, is not a matter for serious concern. So long as we are amused by the book, and moved to rhythmic response by the music, we have no grave reason for complaint.

According to the erratic fancy of Mr. Smith, the Mandarin of Foo-chow has twelve wives, which is all the Chinese law permits any one to have, save the Emperor. Having so many spouses of his own, the Mandarin very naturally falls in love with the wife of a carpenter in an adjoining street. He puts on a carpenter's costume—note that carpenters have a distinct costume in Smith-China—and calls on the lady in her husband's absence. The husband, having filled himself with the wine of the land, goes home, and the police follow him. They search the house for him, and arrest the disguised Mandarin. The servants of the Mandarin, on the other hand, take the carpenter away with them, and treat him as if he were their master. When he awakes the next morning he desires to go home to his wife. The twelve wives of the real Mandarin raise a pother about this mysterious thirteenth. The Emperor appears on the scene, and declares that the Mandarin must be punished for having one wife more than the law allows. He cannot find the thirteenth wife, but of course she comes after her husband, who is ordered to execution. Thus we have a genuine operetta tragedy to be cleared up in the last act, with the aid of dancing and Chinese lanterns.

Mr. Smith appears to have expended his force on the making of smart speeches, in the spirit of Gotham rather than of Peking, and in the elaboration of his clever lyrics. If he had paid more attention to the constructive element of his work he would probably have reaped a richer reward. But his book is amusing, and it affords opportunities for some of the most brilliant and tasteful stage raiment ever seen in New York. Mr. De Koven's music shows signs of effort. It lacks the freshness and spontaneity of his charming *Robin Hood* score and of his piquant *Rob Roy*. But it is very agreeable music, for all that. Mr. De Koven has acquired a very large measure of skill in the construction of concerted pieces and finales, and his solos and duets show a remarkable grasp of the possibilities of the operetta stage. He errs somewhat in being afraid of flying above the heads of his auditors, but I fancy that the timid manager, rather than the composer himself, is responsible for this.

The operetta is admirably performed. Miss Bertha Waltzinger deserves especial praise for the excellence of her singing. Her tone is pure and vibrant, her intonation perfect, and her attack admirable. Miss Adele Ritchie seems to have rid herself of some of her self-consciousness, and her acting and singing have improved. Indeed, the entire performance is meritorious, and perhaps no one deserves more praise than the conductor, Signor de Novellis.

W. J. Henderson.

NEW AQUARIUM AT CASTLE GARDEN.

Castle Garden, that historic and prisonlike old structure standing on New York's water-front at the Battery, has become a public aquarium, after a checkered career of almost a century, during which it has lived through many strange vicissitudes. Authorities have stated that it will contain the most complete display of marine life to be seen in any part of the world when it is fully stocked, but that seems a long way off yet. Even now, however, it presents many interesting and instructive exhibits, and should be ranked with the other great museums of the metropolis. Within those time-honored walls have already been gathered many varieties of specimens, ranging all the way from whales to coral insects, from timid brook trout to almost human sea-lions, from ugly devil-fish to the exquisitely colored sea-anemones.

Castle Garden was built in 1805, by the Federal government, for a fort, and, as Castle Clinton, helped to guard the entrance to the East River, with Castle William just across on Governors Island. Castle Clinton was then several hundred yards out from the land, and surrounded by water, as Fort Lafayette in the Narrows now stands. It was abandoned as a fortress in 1822, however, and ceded to the State authorities. During the thirty years that followed, leased to private individuals, it was used as a summer garden, from which it received its present name, and within its walls have taken place many events famous in the history of Manhattan.

The rafters and pillars that support its great roof have echoed many strange sounds. Those echoes answered to the applause that greeted General Lafayette when he revisited this country in 1824; they repeated the words of Presidents Jackson and Tyler when they responded to their enthusiastic receptions in 1832 and in 1843 respectively; they repeated the dramatic tones of all the famous actors of the decade; and, a few years later, as the recognized home of music in America, they were awakened again by the foremost singers and musicians of that time.

Perhaps the biggest event in Castle Garden's history occurred in 1850, when Jenny Lind made her American début, under the management of P. T. Barnum. The choice of seats for the first of the four Lind concerts given there was sold for $225.

For over thirty years after that the building was used as a receiving-station for immigrants. Nearly destroyed by fire in 1870, it was rebuilt, and so used until 1890, when the Federal government assumed charge of immigration, and received its guests at Ellis Island.

For almost four years the Garden has been in course of preparation as an aquarium, and different administrations of the Park Department have ordered so many alterations for the accommodation and display of the fish that much time and money have been wasted. Thousands of dollars' worth of work was done, and then done all over again; tanks were found to be defective, and had to be replaced, when everything was supposed to be ready for opening; while valuable pumping and filtering machinery was put in, and afterward found to be unnecessary. It has cost over $200,000 to bring the aquarium to its present condition.

The historic old wooden walls have been covered with a preparation of burnt zinc, which gives to them the appearance of brownstone, and, it is said, great endurance. Within, the changes have been more extensive. Under the guidance of architect Edward D. Lindsey, who has directed the changes, the circular interior has been fitted with a double series of massive columns, the outer series supporting the roof, with pierced skylights in the drum under the dome, while the inner columns support the dome, with a large circular light at the top, and hooded windows in the bend of the dome. These columns and the entire superstructure are of hollow steel, and the decorations are in white stucco. The Municipal Art Society contemplate decorating the inner shell of the dome with appropriate designs, conventionalized and in colors.

The sides of the aquarium, around which are ranged the glass-fronted tanks for the exhibition of the fish, are lighted almost entirely from the outside windows, so that the light comes through the water in the tanks, and makes the fish much easier to be seen. A tunnel effect is given to the corridor by arching over the ceiling from the outer to the inner row of columns. The central pools are lighted from the skylights in the central dome overhead, but little of this light reaches the side tanks, so that the fish stand out in bright relief in the light thrown from behind. There are seven of these stone pools in the centre of the building, in which will be shown the larger varieties of fish, while around the corridor at the sides there are more than one hundred of the smaller tanks.

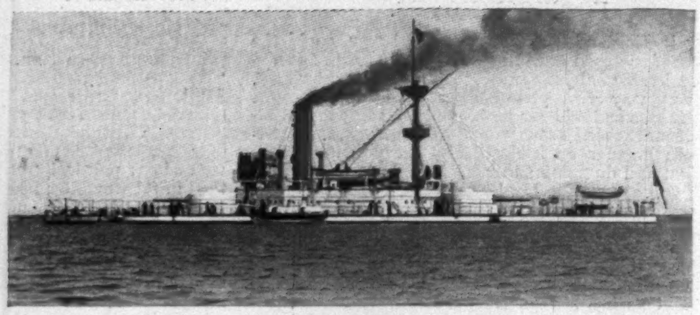
One row of tanks will be used exclusively for a fish-hatchery, and the propagation of minute marine life for food for the larger fish will also receive careful attention. The tanks are being gradually stocked by purchase, and through the assistance of the United States Fish Commission and the New York State Fish Commission, both of which have contributed largely to the collection to be shown at the aquarium.

Nearly 300,000 gallons of salt water are needed daily to supply the tanks and pools, and this is all pumped from a tidal well discovered in the cellar of the building, which supplies all the salt water that is wanted; and it is perfectly filtered already by its passage through the earth from the bay, about a hundred feet away. Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, the director of the aquarium, and an eminent authority on fish-culture, considers this well both valuable and unique. Its supply is practically exhaustless.

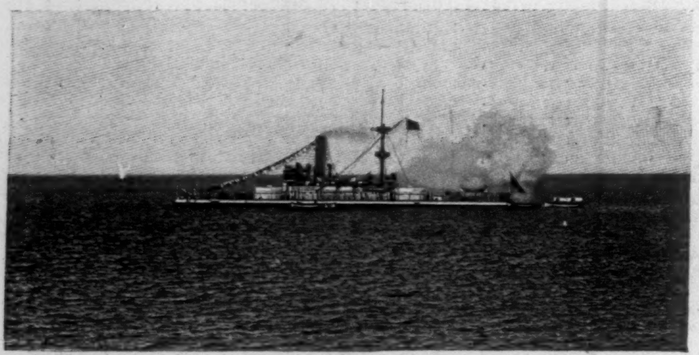
It will cost the city about $50,000 a year to maintain the aquarium.

It is to be open free to the public six days in the week, including Sunday, but not at all in the evening. The date for the opening of the aquarium has been so often set, and as often broken, that it seems safest to expect to see the fish only when the doors are actually thrown open to the public. The management, however, now declare positively that it will be open before the 1st of January, and fully expect to let the public inside the doors before the end of this month or early in December.

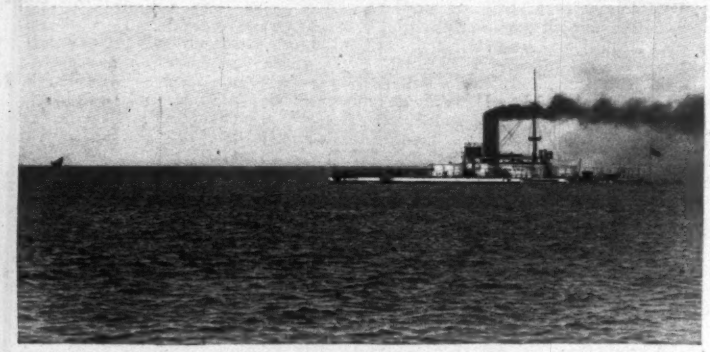
"PHILADELPHIA." "MONTEREY." "MONADNOCK." "BENNINGTON."



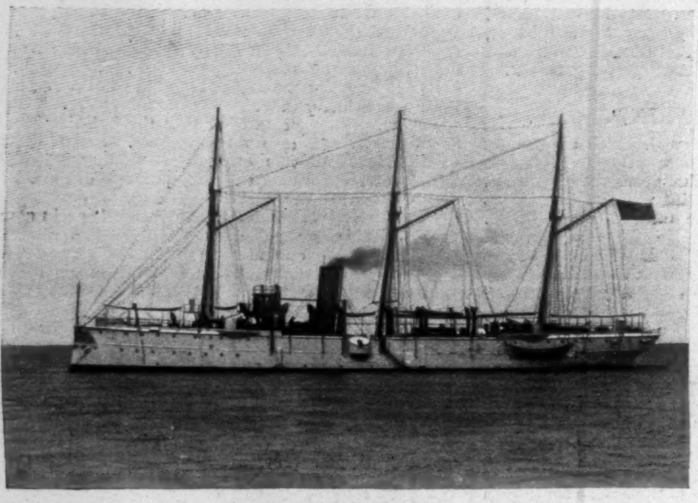
"MONADNOCK."



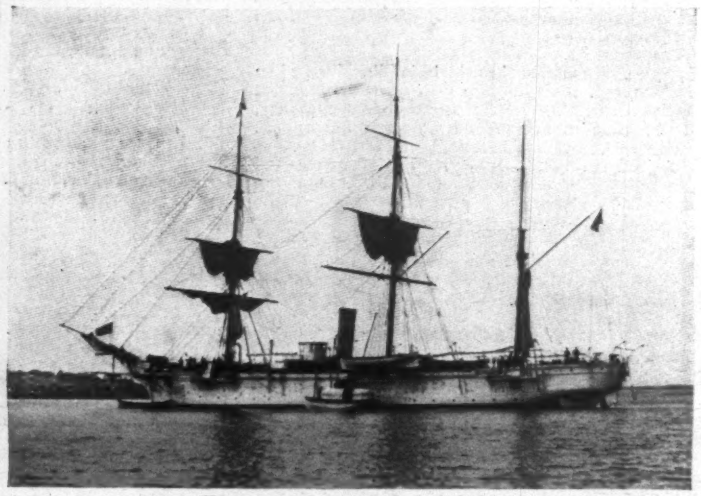
THE MONITOR "MONADNOCK" FIRING HER 10-INCH GUNS.
Shot striking the Water in the Distance.



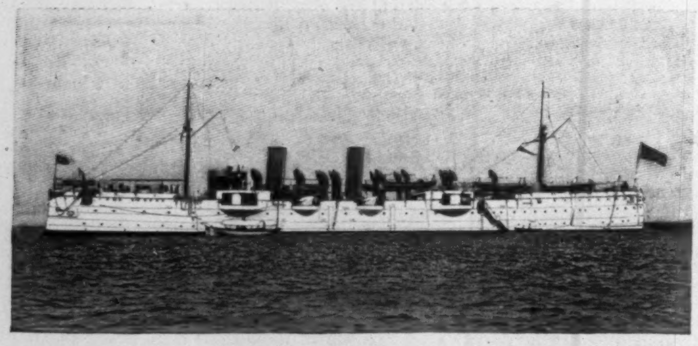
THE MONITOR "MONTEREY" FIRING HER 12-INCH GUNS.
Shot striking the "Spit."



THE GUNBOAT "BENNINGTON."



THE CRUISER "ALERT" (OLD NAVY).



THE PROTECTED CRUISER "PHILADELPHIA."

MEN FROM THE "PHILADELPHIA" AT BATTALION DRILL.

COMPANIES FROM THE "PHILADELPHIA," "MONADNOCK," AND "MONTEREY" AT BATTALION DRILL.

OUR PACIFIC SQUADRON AT PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON.—[See Page 1150.]

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

L.

MRS. DURGIN'S speech never regained the measure of clearness it had before; no one but Cynthia could understand her, and often she could not. The doctor from Lovewell surmised that she had sustained another stroke, slighter, more obscure than the first, and it was that which had rendered her almost inarticulate. The paralysis might have also affected her brain, and silenced her thoughts as well as her words. Either she believed that the reconciliation between Jeff and Cynthia had taken place, or else she could no longer care. She did not question them again, but peacefully weakened more and more. Near the end of September she had a third stroke, and from this she died.

The day after the funeral Jeff had a talk with Whitwell, and opened his mind to him.

"I'm going over to the other side, and I sha'n't be back before spring, or about time to start the season here. What I want to know is whether, if I'm out of the house, and not likely to come back, you'll stay here, and look after the place through the winter. It hasn't been a good season, but I guess I can afford to make it worth your while if you look at it as a matter of business."

Whitwell leaned forward and took a straw into his mouth from the golden wall of oat sheaves in the barn where they were talking. A soft rustling in the mow overhead marked the remote presence of Jombateeste, who was getting forward the hay for the horses, pushing it toward the holes where it should fall into their racks.

"I should want to think about it," said Whitwell. "I do' know as Cynthy'd care much about stayin'; or Frank."

"How long do you want to think about it?" Jeff demanded, ignoring the possible wishes of Cynthia and Frank.

"I guess I could let you know by night."

"All right," said Jeff.

He was turning away, when Whitwell remarked: "I don't know as I should want to stay without I could have somebody I could depend on, with me, to look after the hosses. Frank wouldn't want to."

"Who'd you like?"

"Well,—Jombateeste."

"Ask him."

Whitwell called to the Canuck, and he came forward to the edge of the mow, and stood, fork in hand, looking down.

"Want to stay here this winter and look after the hosses, Jombateeste?" Whitwell asked.

"Nosseh!" said the Canuck, with a misliking eye on Jeff.

"I mean, along with me," Whitwell explained. "If I conclude to stay, will you? Jeff's goin' abroad."

"I guess I stay," said Jombateeste.

"Don't strain yourself, Jombateeste," said Jeff, with malevolent derision.

"Not for you, Jeff Dorrgin," returned the Canuck. "I strain myself till I bust, if I want."

Jeff sneered to Whitwell: "Well, then, the most important point is settled. Let me know about the minor details as soon as you can."

"All right."

Whitwell talked the matter over with his children at supper that evening. Jeff had made him a good offer, and he had the winter before him to provide for.

"*I* don't know what deviltry he's up to," he said, in conclusion.

Frank looked to his sister for their common decision.

"I am going to try for a school," she said, quietly. "It's pretty late, but I guess I can get something. You and Frank had better stay."

"And you don't feel as if it was kind of meechin', our takin' up with his offer, after what's—?" Whitwell delicately forbore to fill out his sentence.

"*You* are doing the favor, father," said the girl. "He knows that, and I guess he wouldn't know where to look if you refused. And, after all, what's happened now is as much my doing as his."

"I guess that's something so," said Whitwell, with a long sigh of relief. "Well, I'm glad you can look at it in that light, Cynthy. It's the way the feller's built, I presume, as much as anything."

His daughter waived the point. "I shouldn't feel just right if none of us staid in the old place. I should feel as if we had turned our backs on Mrs. Durgin."

Her eyes shone, and her father said: "Well, I guess that's so, come to think of it. She's been like a mother to you, this past year, ha'n't she? And it must have come pootty hard for her, sidin' agin Jeff. But she done it."

The girl turned her head away. They were sitting in the little low keeping-room of Whitwell's house, and her father had his hat on provisionally. Through the window they could see the light of the lantern at the office door of the hotel, whose mass was lost in the dark above and behind the lamp. It was all very still outside.

"I declare," Whitwell went on, musingly, "I wished Mr. Westover was here."

Cynthy started, but it was to ask, "Do you want I should help you with your Latin, Frank?"

Whitwell came back an hour later and found them still at their books. He told them it was all arranged; Durgin was to give up the place to him in a week, and he was to surrender it again when Jeff came back in the spring. In the mean time things were to remain as they were; after he was gone, they could all go and live at Lion's Head if they chose.

"We'll see," said Cynthia. "I've been thinking that might be the best way, after all. I might not get a school, it's so late."

"That's so," her father assented. "I declare," he added, after a moment's muse, "I felt sorry for the feller settin' up there alone, with nobody to do for him but that old thing he's got in. She can't cook any more than—" He desisted for want of a comparison, and said, "Such a *lookin'* table, too."

"Do you think I ought to go and look after things a little?" Cynthia asked.

"Well, you no *need* to," said her father. He got down the planchette, and labored with it, while his children returned to Frank's lessons.

"Dumn 'f *I* can make the thing work," he said to himself at last. "*I* can't git *any* of 'em up. If Jackson was here, now!"

Thrice a day Cynthia went up to the hotel, and oversaw the preparation of Jeff's meals, and kept taut the slack housekeeping of the old Irish woman who had remained as a favor, after the hotel closed, and professed to have lost the chance of a place for the winter by her complaisance. She submitted to Cynthia's authority, and tried to make interest for an indefinite stay by sudden zeal and industry, and the last days of Jeff in the hotel were more comfortable than he openly recognized. He left the care of the building wholly to Whitwell, and shut himself up in the old farm parlor with the plans for a new hotel which he said he meant to put up some day, if he could ever get rid of the old one. He went once to Lovewell, where he renewed the insurance, and somewhat increased it; and he put a small mortgage on the property. He forestalled the slow progress of the knowledge of other's affairs, which, in the country, is as sure as it is slow, and told Whitwell just what he had done. He said he wanted the mortgage money for his journey, and the insurance money, if he could ever have the luck to cash up by a good big fire, to rebuild with.

Cynthia seldom met him in her comings and goings, but if they met they spoke on the terms of their boy and girl associations, and with no approach through resentment or tenderness to the relation that was ended between them. She saw him oftener than at any other time setting off on the long tramps he took through the woods in the afternoons. He was always alone, and so far as any one knew, his wanderings had no object but to kill the time which hung heavy on his hands during the fortnight after his mother's death, before he sailed. It might have seemed strange that he should prefer to pass the days at Lion's Head after he had arranged for the care of the place with Whitwell, and Whitwell always believed that he staid in the hope of somehow making up with Cynthia.

One day, toward the very last, Durgin found himself pretty well fagged in the old pulp-mill clearing on the side of Lion's Head, which still belonged to Whitwell, and he sat down on a mouldering log there to rest. It had always been a favorite picnic ground, but the season just past had known few picnics, and it was those of former years that had left their traces in rusty sardine-cans and

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2063.

broken glass and crockery on the border of the clearing, which was now almost covered with white moss. Jeff thought of the day when he lurked in the hollow below with Fox, while Westover remained talking with Whitwell. He thought of the picnic that Mrs. Marven had embittered for him, and he thought of the last time that he had been there with Westover, when they talked of the Vostrands.

Life had, so far, not been what he meant it, and just now it occurred to him that he might not have wholly made it what it had been. It seemed to him that a good many other people had come in and taken a hand in making his own life what it had been; and if he had meddled with theirs more than he was wanted, it was about an even thing. As far as he could make out, he was a sort of ingredient in the general mixture. He had probably done his share of the flavoring, but he had had very little to do with the mixing. There were different ways of looking at the thing. Westover had his way, but it struck Jeff that it put too much responsibility on the ingredient, and too little on the power that chose it. He believed that he could prove a clear case in his own favor, as far as the question of final justice was concerned, but he had no complaints to make. Things had fallen out very much to his mind. He was the Landlord at Lion's Head, at last, with the full right to do what he pleased with the place, and with half a year's leisure before him to think it over. He did not mean to waste the time while he was abroad; if there was anything to be learnt anywhere about keeping a summer hotel, he was going to learn it; and he thought the summer hotel could be advantageously studied in its winter phases in the mild climates of Southern Europe. He meant to strike for the class of Americans who resorted to those climates; to divine their characters and to please their tastes.

He unconsciously included Cynthia in his scheme of inquiry; he had been used so long to trust to her instincts and opinions, and to rely upon her help, and he realized that she was no longer in his life with something like the shock a man experiences when the loss of a limb, which continues a part of his inveterate consciousness, is brought to his sense by some mechanical attempt to use it. But even in this pang he did not regret that all was over between them. He knew now that he had never cared for her as he had once thought, and on her account, if not his own, he was glad their engagement was broken. A soft melancholy for his own disappointment imparted itself to his thoughts of Cynthia. He felt truly sorry for her, and he truly admired and respected her. He was in a very lenient mood toward every one, and he went so far in thought toward forgiving his enemies that he was willing at least to pardon all those whom he had injured. A little rustling in the underbrush across the clearing caught his quick ear, and he looked up to see Jombateeste parting the boughs of the young pines on its edge, and advancing into the open with a gun on his shoulder. He called to him cheerily: "Hello, John! Any luck?"

Jombateeste shook his head. "Nawthing." He hesitated.

"What are you after?"

"Partridge," Jombateeste ventured back.

Jeff could not resist the desire to scoff which always came upon him at sight of the Canuck. "Oh, pshaw! Why don't you go for woodchucks? They fly low, and you can hit them on the wing, if you can't sneak on 'em sitting."

Jombateeste received his raillery in dignified silence, and turned back into the woods again. He left Durgin in heightened good-humor with himself and with the world, which had so well adapted itself to his desires and designs.

Jeff watched his resentful going with a grin, and then threw himself back on the thick bed of dry moss where he had been sitting, and watched the clouds drifting across the space of blue which the clearing opened overhead. His own action reminded him of Jackson, lying in the orchard, and looking up at the sky. He felt strangely at one with him, and he experienced a tenderness for his memory which he had not known before. Jackson had been a good man; he realized that with a curious sense of novelty in the reflection; he wondered what the incentives and the objects of such men as Jackson and Westover were, anyway. Something like grief for his brother came upon him; not such grief as he had felt passionately enough, though tacitly, for his mother; but a regret for not having shown Jackson during his life that he could appreciate his unselfishness, though he could not see the reason or the meaning of it. He said to himself, in their safe remoteness from each other, that he wished he could do something for Jackson. He wondered if in the course of time he should get to be something like him. He imagined trying.

He heard sounds again in the edge of the clearing, but he decided that it was that fool Jombateeste coming back; and when steps approached softly and hesitantly across the moss, he did not trouble himself to take his eyes from the clouds. He was only vexed to have his reverie broken in upon.

A voice that was not Jombateeste's spoke: "I say! Can you tell me the way to the Brooker Institute; or to the road down the mountain?"

Jeff sat suddenly bolt-upright; in another moment he jumped to his feet. The Brooker Institute was a branch of the Keeley Cure recently established near the Huddle, and this must be a patient who had wandered from it, on one of the excursions the inmates made with their guardians, and lost his way. This was the fact that Jeff realized at the first glance he gave the man. The next he recognized that the man was Alan Lynde.

"Oh, it's you," he said, quite simply. He felt so cruelly the hardship of his one unforgiven enemy's coming upon him just when he had resolved to be good, that the tears came into his eyes. Then his rage seemed to swell up in him like the rise of a volcanic flood. "I'm going to kill you!" he roared, and he launched himself upon Lynde, who stood dazed.

But the murder which Jeff meant was not to be so easily done. Lynde had not grown up in dissolute idleness without acquiring some of the arts of self-defence which are called manly. He met Jeff's onset with remembered skill, and with the strength which he had gained in three months of the wholesome regimen of the Brooker Institute. He had been sent there, not by Dr. Lacy's judgment, but by his despair, and so far the Cure had cured. He felt strong and fresh, and the hate which filled Jeff at sight of him steeled his shaken nerves, and re-enforced his feebler muscles too.

He made a desperate fight where he could not hope for mercy, and kept himself free of his powerful foe, whom he fought round and foiled, if he could not hurt him. Jeff never knew of the blows Lynde got in upon him; he had his own science too, but he would not employ it. He wanted to crash through Lynde's defence, and lay hold of him, and crush the life out of him.

The contest could not have lasted long at the best; but before Lynde was worn out he caught his heel in an old laurel root, and while he whirled to recover his footing Jeff closed in upon him, caught him by the middle, flung him down upon the moss, and was kneeling on his breast with both hands at his throat.

He glared down into his enemy's face, and suddenly it looked pitifully little and weak, like a girl's face, a child's.

Sometimes, afterwards, it seemed to him that he forbore because at that instant he saw Jombateeste appear at the edge of the clearing and come running upon them. At other times he had the fancy that his action was purely voluntary, and that, against the logic of his hate and the habit of his life, he had mercy upon his enemy. He did not pride himself upon it; he rather humbled himself before the fact, which was accomplished through his will, and not by it, and remained a mystery he did not try to solve.

He took his hands from Lynde's throat and his knees off his breast. "Get up," he said; and when Lynde stood trembling on his feet, he said to Jombateeste: "Show this man the way to the Brooker Institute. I'll take your gun home for you," and it was easy for him to detach the piece from the bewildered Canuck's grasp. "Go! And if you stop, or even let him look back, I'll shoot him. Quick!"

LI.

The day after Thanksgiving, when Westover was trying to feel well after the turkey and cranberry and cider which a lady had given him at a consciously old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, but not making it out sufficiently to be able to work, he was astonished to receive a visit from Whitwell.

"Well, sir," said the philosopher, without giving himself pause for the exchange of reflections upon his presence in Boston, which might have been agreeable to him on a less momentous occasion, "it's all up with Lion's Head."

"What do you mean?" demanded Westover, with his mind upon the mountain, which he electrically figured in an incredible destruction.

"She's burnt. Burnt down day before yist'd'y aft'noon. A'n't hardly a stick of her left. Ketched Lord knows how, from the kitchen chimney, and a high northwest wind blowin', that ca'd the sparks to the barn, and set fire to that, too. Hosses gone; couldn't get round to 'em; only three of us there, and mixed up so about the house till it was so late the critters wouldn't *come* out. Folks from over Huddle way see the blaze, and helped all they could; but it wa'n't no use. I guess all we saved, about, was the flag-pole."

"But you're all right yourselves? Cynthia—"

"Well, there was our misfortune," said Whitwell, while Westover's heart stopped in a mere wantonness of apprehension. "If she'd be'n there, it might ha' be'n diff'ent. We might ha' had more sense; or *she* would, anyway. But she was over to Lovewell stockin' up for Thanksgivin', and I had to make out the best I could, with Frank and Jombateeste. Why, that Canuck didn't seem to have no more head on him than a hen. I was disgusted; but Cynthy wouldn't let me *say* anything to him, and I d' know as 't'ould done any good, myself. We've talked it all over in every light, ever since; guess we've set up most the time talkin', and nothin' would do her but I should come down and see you before I took a single step about it."

"How—step about what?" asked Westover, with a remote sense of hardship at being brought in, tempered by the fact that it was Cynthia who brought him in.

"Why, that devil," said Whitwell, and Westover knew that he meant Jeff, "went and piled on all the insurance he could pile on, before he left; and I don't know what to do about it."

"I should think the best thing was to collect the insurance," Westover suggested, distractedly.

"It a'n't so easy as what that comes to," said Whitwell. "I couldn't collect the insurance; and here's the point, anyway. When a hotel's made a bad season, and she's fully insured, she's pootty certain to burn up some time in the winter. Everybody knows that comical devil wanted Lion's Head to burn up so't he could build new, and I presume there a'n't a man, woman, or child anywhere round but what believes I set her on fire. Hired to do it. Now, see? Jeff off in Europe; daytime; no lives lost; prop'ty *total* loss. 'S a clear case. Heigh? I tell you, I'm afraid I've got trouble ahead."

Westover tried to protest, to say something in derision or defiance; but he was shaken himself, and he ended by getting his hat and coat; Whitwell had kept his own on, in the excitement. "We'll go out and see a lawyer. A friend of mine; it won't cost you anything." He added this assurance at a certain look of reluctance that came into Whitwell's face, and that left it as soon as he had spoken. Whitwell glanced round the studio even cheerily. "Who'd ha' thought," he said, fastening upon the study which Westover had made of Lion's Head the winter before, "that the old place would 'a' gone so soon?" He did not mean the mountain which he was looking at, but the hotel that was present to his mind's eye; and Westover perceived as he had not before, that to Whitwell, the hotel and not the mountain was Lion's Head.

He remembered to ask now where Whitwell had left his family, and Whitwell said that Frank and Cynthia were at home in his own house with Jombateeste; but he presumed he could not get back to them now before the next day. He refused to be interested in any of the aspects of Boston which Westover casually pointed out, but when they had seen the lawyer he came forth a new man, vividly interested in everything. The lawyer had been able to tell them that though the insurance companies would look sharply into the cause of the fire, there was no probability, hardly a possibility, that they would inculpate him, and he need give himself no anxiety about the affair.

"There's one thing, though," Whitwell said to Westover when they got out upon the street. "Hadn't I ought to let Jeff know?"

"Yes, at once. You'd better cable him. Have you got his address?"

Whitwell had it, and he tasted all the dramatic quality of sending word to Jeff, which he would receive in Florence an hour after it left Boston. "I did hope I could ha' cabled once to Jackson, while he was gone," he said, regretfully, "but unless we can fix up a wire with the other world, I guess I sha'n't ever do it now. I suppose Jackson's still hangin' round Mars, some'res."

He had a sectarian pride in the beauty of the Spiritual Temple which Westover walked him by on his way to see Trinity Church and the Fine Arts Museum, and he sorrowed that he could not attend a service there. But he was consoled by the lunch which he had with Westover at a restaurant where it was served in courses. "I presume this is what Jeff's goin' to give 'em at Lion's Head when he gets it goin' again."

"How is it he's in Florence?" it occurred to Westover to ask. "I thought he was going to Nice for the winter."

"I don't know. That's the address he gave in his last letter," said Whitwell. "I'll be glad when I've done with him for good and all. He's all kinds of a devil."

It was in Westover's mind to say that he wished the Whitwells had never had anything to do with Durgin after his mother's death. He had felt it a want of a delicacy in them that they had been willing to stay on in his employ, and his ideal of Cynthia had suffered a kind of wound from what must have been her decision in the matter. He would have expected something altogether different from her pride, her self-respect. But he now merely said: "Yes, I shall be glad, too. I'm afraid he's a bad fellow."

His words seemed to appeal to Whitwell's impartiality. "Well, I d' know as I should say *bad*, exactly. He's a mixture."

"He's a bad *mixture*," said Westover.

"Well, I guess you're partly right there," Whitwell admitted with a laugh. After a dreamy moment he asked, "Ever hear anything more about that girl here in Boston?"

Westover knew that he meant Bessie Lynde. "She's abroad somewhere, with her aunt."

Whitwell had not taken any wine; apparently he was afraid of forming instantly the habit of drink if he touched it; but he tolerated Westover's pint of Zinfandel, and he seemed to warm sympathetically to a greater confidence, as the painter made away with it. "There's one thing I never told Cynthy, yet; well, Jombateeste didn't tell me himself till after Jeff was gone; and then, thinks I, what's the use? But I guess *you* had better know."

He leaned forward across the table, and gave Jombateeste's story of the encounter between Jeff and Alan Lynde in the clearing. "Now what do you suppose was the reason Jeff let up on the feller? Of course, he meant to choke the life out of him, and his just ketchin' sight of Jombateeste, do you believe that was enough to stop him, when he'd started in for a thing like that? Or what was it done it?"

Westover listened with less thought of the fact itself than of another fact that it threw light upon. It was clear to him now that the Class-day scrapping which had left its marks upon Jeff's face was with Lynde, and that when Jeff got him in his power, he must have been in such a fury for revenge, that no mere motive of prudence could have arrested him. In both events, it must have been Bessie Lynde that was the moving cause; but what was it that stayed Jeff in his vengeance?

"Let him up, and let him walk away, you say?" he demanded of Whitwell.

Whitwell nodded. "That's what Jombateeste said. Said Jeff said if he let the feller look back he'd shoot him. But he didn't haf to."

"I can't make it out," Westover sighed.

"It's been too much for me," Whitwell said. "I told Jombateeste he'd better keep it to himself, and I guess he done so. S'pose Jeff still had a sneakin' fondness for the girl?"

"I don't know; perhaps," Westover asserted.

Whitwell threw his head back in a sudden laugh that showed all the work of his dentist. "Well, wouldn't it be a joke if he was there in Florence after her? Be just like Jeff."

"It would be like Jeff; I don't know whether it would be a joke or not. I hope he won't find it a joke, if it's so," said Westover, gloomily. A fantastic apprehension seized him, which made him wish for the moment that it might be so, and which then passed, leaving him simply sorry for any chance that might bring Bessie Lynde into the fellow's way again.

For the evening Whitwell's preference would have been a lecture of some sort, but there was none advertised, and he consented to go with Westover to the theatre. He came back to the painter at dinner-time, after a wary exploration of the city, which had resulted not only in a personal acquaintance with its monuments, but an immunity from its dangers and temptations which he prided himself hardly less upon. He had seen Faneuil Hall, the old State House, Bunker Hill, the Public Library, and the Old South Church, and he had not been sand-bagged, or buncoed, or led astray from the paths of propriety. He was disposed, in the comfortable sense of escape, to moralize upon the civilization of great cities, which he now witnessed at first hand for the first time, and throughout the evening, between the acts of the Old Homestead, which he found a play of some merit, but of not so much novelty in its incidents as he had somehow led himself to expect, he recurred to the difficulties and dangers that must beset a young man in coming to a place like Boston. Westover found him less amusing than he had on his own ground at Lion's Head, and tasted a quality of commonplace in his deliverances, which made him question whether he had not, perhaps, always owed more to this environment than he had suspected. But they parted upon terms of mutual respect, and in the common hope of meeting again. Whitwell promised to let Westover know what he heard of Jeff, but when the painter had walked the philosopher home to his hotel, he found a message awaiting him at his studio, from Jeff direct.

Whitwell's despatch received. Wait letter. Durgin.

Westover raged at the intelligent thrift of this telegram, and at the implication that he not only knew all about the business of Whitwell's despatch, but that he was in communication with him, and would be sufficiently interested to convey Jeff's message to him. Of course, Durgin had at once divined that Whitwell must have come to him for advice, and that he would hear from him, whether he

was still in Boston or not. By cabling to Westover, Jeff saved the cost of an elaborate address to Whitwell at Lion's Head, and had brought the painter in for further consultation and assistance in his affairs. What vexed him still more was his own consciousness that he would not defeat this impudent expectation. He had indeed some difficulty with himself to keep from going to Whitwell's hotel with the despatch at once, and he slept badly, in his fear that he might not get it to him in the morning before he left town.

The sum of Jeff's letter when it came, and it came to Westover and not Whitwell, was to request the painter to see a lawyer in his behalf, and put his insurance policies in his hands, with full authority to guard his interests in the matter. He told Westover where his policies would be found, and enclosed the key of his box in the Safety Vaults, with a due demand for Westover's admission to it. He registered his letter, and he jocosely promised Westover to do as much for him some day, in pleading that there was really no one else he could turn to. He put the whole business upon him, and Westover discharged himself of it as briefly as he could by delivering the papers to the lawyer he had already consulted for Whitwell.

"Is this another charity patient?" asked his friend with a grin.

"No," cried Westover. "You can charge this fellow along the whole line."

Before he parted with the lawyer, he had his misgivings, and he said, "I shouldn't want the blackguard to think I had got a friend a fat job out of him."

The lawyer laughed intelligently. "I shall only make the usual charge. Then he *is* a blackguard?"

"There ought to be a more blistering word."

"One that would imply that he was capable of setting fire to his property?"

"I don't say that. But I'm glad he was away when it took fire," said Westover.

"You give him the benefit of the doubt."

"Yes, of every kind of doubt."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COMING OPERA SEASON.

An English journal, in commenting on the musical proclivities of Americans, declared that in this country music really meant opera. This is, of course, an exaggeration, but it cannot be denied that with the general public the potency of opera as an attraction increases every year. The operatic season in New York city began this fall on October 26, when the gallant veteran of earlier days, Colonel J. H. Mapleson, endeavored to renew the triumphs of fifteen years ago at the Academy of Music. He brought a company of new singers, and he promises one new work, the *Andre Chenier* of Giordano. But it is somewhat difficult to take the Maplesonian announcements seriously. They read like the echoes of dead years, and I fear that the promised revival of the "old favorites" will reveal nothing except a beautifully improved state of public taste.

Since Colonel Mapleson retired before the advance of German opera at the Metropolitan, forces have been at work which he never fully met and never rightly understood. Those forces have been appreciated by Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau, who have yielded to them reluctantly but wisely, and with some appearance of grace. The influence of seven years of German opera was in the direction of making a public appetite for serious and well-considered dramatic performance in opera, and the mere twittering of the colorature singer is no longer the master power of the lyric stage. No better evidence of this can be found than that which is contained in the prospectus of the Metropolitan Opera-house for the approaching season. The company is substantially that which delighted us last winter, while the return of that fascinating artist Emma Eames adds the charm of old acquaintance happily renewed. But one has only to note the list of operas which the managers have chosen as their most important attractions to see how fully they realize that Wagner no longer means ruin. The changes made in the répertoires of the leading artists, furthermore, show that there is no longer any hesitation on the part of singers, brought up in the so-called Italian school of *bel canto*, about undertaking the performance of those Wagnerian rôles which we used to be told were ruinous to the voice. On the contrary, these singers display not only a lively sense of the expediency of adding these rôles to their répertoires, in compliance with an unmistakable public demand, but also a fine determination to excel in them. It is one of the compensations of the arduous study of Wagner that it fires the mind with an enthusiasm which, once started, burns with a steady and ever-vivifying warmth.

The admirable works of the French and Italian composers are not to be neglected because Wagner is to be the star of the operatic firmament, though I doubt very much whether M. Grau will care to gratify his own fancy by a repetition to empty benches of such threadbare works as *La Favorita* and *Semiramide*. Not even the faithful preservation of old traditions by Madame Mantelli and Signor Cremonini, or the perfect enunciation of chromatic runs and of trills by Madame Melba, can keep the breath of life in these old works. But there will be a large public for the immortal *Faust*—with which the season is to open—the gracious and tender *Roméo et Juliette*, the passionate *Aïda*, glowing *Cavalleria*, and glittering *Les Huguenots*. The general public, it must be admitted, is less interested in an opera than in its presentation, and so long as M. Grau, who is the real *impresario* of the firm of operatic managers, can give us such combinations of singers as those of last season, we shall fill the Metropolitan with numbers and plaudits. A glance at the list of artists engaged shows that a great many interesting and attractive combinations can be made. All of the great "stars" of last season are to return. We shall hear Calvé, Eames, Melba, Mantelli, Olitzka, the De Reszkés, and Plançon, together with a number of others who will prove to be agreeable if not remarkable. Mr. David Bispham, a basso, comes to us from England with a high reputation. He is said to be especially fine as Beckmesser in *Die Meistersinger*, though I must admit that I receive English comment on Wagnerian performance with considerable reserve. It will be noticed that Madame Scalchi and Madame Brema are no longer members of the company. Madame Scalchi has returned to her first love, Colonel Mapleson. Madame Brema's intolerable vocal style soon wore out her welcome at the Metropolitan. Her Brangäne was a sad blot on the great *Tristan* performance of last season. Frau Katherine Klafsky was to have been a member of the company, but her untimely death has left a vacancy that will be hard to fill. The managers have declined to accede to Madame Nordica's demands, and I am at a loss to know who is to undertake the heroic soprano parts in the projected Wagner performances.

There is every reason to be grateful for the certainty that, as a rule, French operas will be given in French, Italian in Italian, and German in German. There was a time when this would not have been a subject even for idle speculation, but public taste has advanced so far now that we begin to appreciate the organic union of text and music which generates the life-blood of the true *drama per musica*. That union is always disturbed by the process of translation. Gounod's *Faust*, for instance, is so essentially French that it never rings quite true with the Italian text. The passionate splendor of Jean de Reszké's "Fuyez, douce image" in *Werther* would be obscured if the words were changed to "Fuggi, dolce visione." Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* always sounds emasculated in its Italian garb, and those who have heard *La Valkyrie* say it is much too ladylike to be recognized as *Die Walküre*. The polyglot system is the most satisfactory, and it would be only a step further to the presentation of English or American operas in English—if there were some such operas to produce. But Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau meet with very little encouragement in the presentation of novelties. It seems as if the public of this city had lost its curiosity. Certainly very few persons were bold enough to risk their money on the first performances of some very pleasing works brought forward at the Metropolitan.

In lieu of new works we are promised the novelty of the first appearances on any stage of Jean de Reszké as Siegmund and Siegfried, of Edouard de Reszké as Wotan, of Emma Eames as Sieglinde, and of Madame Melba as Brünnhilde. The last causes a smile, for it is quite beyond all possibility that the prima donna of the trill and the staccato can do more than intone the music of such a rôle as Brünnhilde. But I confess to the rise of a thrill of anticipatory delight at the prospect of hearing the celestial music of Siegmund, Siegfried, and Wotan sung by those glorious masters, the De Reszké brothers. I have witnessed some rather notable performances of these parts, and I am free to confess that M. Edouard de Reszké will not easily efface from my memory the overwhelming dignity and pathos of Emil Fischer in the last act of *Die Walküre*. But nature certainly intended this grand Polish giant to impersonate the Jupiter of Norse mythology. He will look the father of the gods, and that massive organ-like voice is surely the fittest instrument the world has ever known to peal forth the sonorous majesty of Wotan's declamation.

I wish M. Jean de Reszké were ten years younger and fifty pounds lighter, for I am sure that our eyes will be blinded to some of the merits of his Siegfried by visions of the sinuous grace and youthful beauty of the picturesque Alvary. But we shall hear Siegfried actually sung for the first time. What a treat that will be! If we could only have Lilli Lehmann to sing the duo of the last act with M. Jean, we could exclaim with Tennyson,

> "Let there be thistles, there are grapes;
> If old things, there are new."

For M. de Reszké's Siegmund I have no fear. It will be a lovely piece of work, and Madame Emma Eames should prove to be a most excellent Sieglinde, though she will need a larger fire of passion for the end of the first act than she has been wont to show us. However, she has been studying the rôle conscientiously with Herr Kniese, the Baireuth master, and will probably come to us imbued with the correct spirit of the Volsung's bride.

Signor Mancinelli's return is welcome. He is a conductor of sterling ability, and with him and Mr. Seidl to direct the performances, with the assistance of Signor Bevignani, we may hope for smooth and spirited work. On the whole it is likely that the coming season of grand opera in French and Italian at the Metropolitan Opera-house will be one of brilliant achievement on the part of the leading artists. Those of us who would prefer to see new operas in the "star" positions will have to wait for a time yet, and rejoice that we can hear familiar works so beautifully sung.

W. J. Henderson.

MR. DAMROSCH'S OPERA.

BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

Two years ago, when Mr. Walter Damrosch made his first adventure as an operatic *impresario*, many people were inclined to think him foolhardy in the extreme. He was a very young man, and though he had been before the public for fifteen years, it was always in an artistic capacity, not as a manager. Only three years before the stockholders of the Metropolitan Opera-house had closed its doors to German opera and welcomed back the Roman exotic, which seemingly had perished some years earlier. If the people of New York could not support German opera under the exceedingly favorable conditions which prevailed at the big establishment in upper Broadway, there seemed to be no possible hope for Mr. Damrosch's adventure, which in the metropolis and "on the road" would meet the opposition of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau. But Mr. Damrosch, if he argued the matter at all, argued differently. I have sometimes thought that his embarkation in the enterprise of giving opera was due to impulse rather than reason, and the fact that he has sometimes had the same sort of a notion is evidenced by a letter which has just fallen into my hands. It was written near the close of his first season. "Thanks for your congratulations on the financial success so far," writes the young manager; "I shall breathe more freely after the next four weeks are over. The responsibility has been a heavy one, and it is curious that no one seemed to share my almost fatalistic belief in Wagner opera. Neither Abbey and Grau nor Seidl, nor any one, was willing to touch it, and I was finally driven into it myself by an irresistible impulse, which so far seems to have led me right. I am glad now, for many reasons, that events have so shaped themselves, and I think that the season will be productive of much good for the future. A curious and interesting fact in connection with the performances has been that the public came to hear the operas, and not the singers."

Mr. Damrosch came out of the season financially with flying colors. Last year he met reverses, and probably lost more money than he made the year before. But his confidence in the people's interest in German opera was unshaken.

He did a good business in all the larger cities which he visited, except Philadelphia, but suffered shipwreck because of an ill-arranged route and an experimental invasion of the South. A performance in one of the cities in that section cost him over $3000, and the receipts aggregated $220. The difference between the sums was what Mr. Damrosch paid to learn that the love of Wagner's dramas had not penetrated far into Tennessee.

Experience is always purchased at large cost in the operatic field; and sentiment, whether amiable or unamiable, is always an unsafe counsellor. Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau did not look with favorable eyes upon their young rival's undertaking, and they cared for a large percentage of the wormwood which filled the cup that Mr. Damrosch drank; but they embittered their own goblet by the procedure, and when the time came for laying out the campaign of 1896–7 they were quite as ready as Mr. Damrosch to sign a treaty of peace, whose provisions promised to make for the good of both sides instead of the injury of either. They agreed to keep out of each other's way as much as possible, and to help each other with an occasional exchange of singers. By the latter arrangement the repertories of both companies will be extended, Mr. Damrosch providing the Metropolitan organization with a Brünnhilde and an Isolde to be the companions of M. Jean de Reszké's Siegmund, Siegfried, and Tristan, and the Metropolitan company lending him Mesdames Melba, Eames, and Calvé, and others to enable him to perform some of the Italian and French operas which he has put into this year's list. That such an alliance is better than warfare for the public as well as the managers is too obvious to need discussion.

In his first season Mr. Damrosch performed Wagner's operas and dramas exclusively; in his second he added *Der Freischütz*, *Fidelio*, and his own *Scarlet Letter* to the list, giving the last in its original English. This year he purposes to bring forward the entire Wagnerian list, beginning with *Der Fliegende Holländer* and ending with *Die Götterdämmerung*, and also *Aïda*, *Carmen*, *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, *Der Freischütz*, *Faust*, *Les Huguenots*, *Hamlet*, *La Juive*, *L'Africaine*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *The Scarlet Letter*. He will yield Chicago to the Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau Company, Limited, and take Philadelphia in exchange. Last year Chicago treated him generously, and Philadelphia parsimoniously; but this year the effort is making to pool all the operatic issues in Philadelphia, and Mr. Damrosch will provide twenty representations in the Academy of Music within the seven weeks beginning December 14 and ending January 28. To New York he will give four weeks, to Boston two, and the rest of his time will be divided between Washington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Louisville, Cleveland, and Pittsburg. His itinerary, arranged with much more wisdom than last year's, is as follows:

December 14, 16, 19, 21, 23, 26, 28, 30; January 4, 6, 9, 11, 13, 16, 20, 22, 23, 25, 27, and 28—Philadelphia. December 17 and 18, January 14 and 15, Washington. February 1 to 13, Boston. February 15 to 19, Cincinnati. February 20, Indianapolis. February 22 to 26, St. Louis. February 27, Louisville. March 1 and 2, Cleveland. March 3, 5, and 6, Pittsburg. March 8 to April 3, New York.

In the New York season there will be twelve evening and four afternoon performances, and its greatest feature will be a "Wagnerian cycle," in which the following operas and dramas will be given in the order of their composition: *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Die Götterdämmerung*.

From this it will be seen that for New York Mr. Damrosch will return to his original purposes as a Wagner propagandist. In the other cities, or at least in Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Pittsburg, to which have been promised the co-operation with his company of singers from the Metropolitan ranks, the representations are likely to be polyglot, and there will be occasion to discuss the meaning of the term "German Opera," which now stands for a type of performance (*i. e.*, a good ensemble as opposed to one or two stars and a weak ensemble), a type of composition (lyric drama as opposed to opera) and opera sung in German. Mr. Damrosch has plumed himself for an extremely ambitious flight, and it seems likely that his season will be highly instructive in many respects. Whether or not it is calculated to encourage the disposition of the people to hear operas rather than singers, which he thought he observed in the first season, is a question which may be left to others to discuss. To me it seems as if the lines of his third season lacked the distinctiveness which marked those of his first.

The first of Mr. Damrosch's singers this year is Madame Lehmann-Kalisch, who will return to the United States in January, after an absence of nearly five years. During the greater part of that time she has been in retirement so far as the operatic stage is concerned, recovering from an inexplicable prostration which overtook her while a member of the Metropolitan Italian Company. But within a year past she has filled opera engagements in Vienna and Hamburg, and it was hers to do the larger part in saving what was saved of the artistic reputation of the Baireuth festival last summer. She came into wide notice for the first time at the Baireuth festival of 1876, when she was one of the Rhine Daughters in the Nibelung trilogy. The traditions of the German theatres would have kept her a light soprano, but she cut loose from them when she came to the United States for the season of 1885–6, and rapidly developed into the foremost dramatic singer of the time. As such she stands to-day. With her will come her husband, Paul Kalisch, also known to New York opera-goers as a most intelligent and finished tenor, who has worked himself into the front rank of German singers within the last five years. The large dramatic rôles were to have been shared with Madame Lehmann by Madame Klafsky, who was Mr. Damrosch's prima donna last season, but her almost tragical death on the 22d of last September spoiled that plan. In her stead Madame Mohor-Ravenstein will come, a singer of whom little is known even by those familiar with the operatic organizations of Germany. The principal tenor, Ernst Krauss, is a young artist of splendid physique and fine dramatic and musical qualities, who has been chosen as the successor of Herr Gudehus at the Royal Opera in Berlin. His career thus far has been made in Wiesbaden and Mannheim. Carl Somer, the new barytone, comes from Vienna

AFTER THE

SUPPER PARTIES IN THE NEW BALLROOM OF THE WALDORF, WHICH WAS SPECIALLY DEC

HE HORSE SHOW.

DECORATED AND USED FOR THIS PURPOSE DURING HORSE SHOW WEEK.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

MISS ELLEN TERRY AS IMOGEN.

MR. HENRY IRVING'S PRODUCTION OF "CYMBELINE."

Those lovers of the theatre with whom it is a complaint that they are not more often treated to Shakespeare encounter in *Cymbeline* one of those stumbling-blocks with which the path of this particular regret is not unplentifully strewn: it brings them face to face with so many of the questions that flutter up in the presence of all attempts to put the plays to the proof of the contemporary stage. None of them practically take so little account as *Cymbeline* of the general effort of the theatre of our day to hug closer and closer the scenic illusion. The thing is a florid fairy-tale, of a construction so loose and unpropped that it can scarce be said to stand upright at all, and of a psychological sketchiness that never touches firm ground, but plays, at its better times, with an indifferent shake of golden locks, in the high, sunny air of delightful poetry. Here it disports itself beyond the reach of all challenge. Meanwhile the mere action swings, like a painted cloth in the wind, between England and Italy, flapping merrily back and forth and in and out, alternately crumpling up the picture and waving it in the blue. It is these latter charming moments, of so happy a fairy-tale quality, that tempt the producer. This is so much the case with all the moments allotted to Imogen, that it was inevitable the play should sooner or later be attempted by a manager so fortunate as to command the services of Miss Ellen Terry. As Mr. Irving gives it, he gives it frankly for Miss Terry's sake, contenting himself with a very moderate personal chance.

So far as she is concerned he gives it with great success; no part that she has played of late years is so much of the exact fit of her particular gifts. Her performance is naturally poetic, has delightful breadth and tenderness, delightful grace and youth. Youth above all—Miss Terry has never, without effort, been so young and so fresh. Short-skirted and free, crowned with roses by Mr. Alma-Tadema's hand, and dressed in the unmistakable "note" of one of that painter's learned visions, she is exactly the heroine demanded by an old-time story for a circle—not too critical—round the fire. That is the formula of *Cymbeline*, and Mr. Irving has accepted it without making difficulties. The spirit in which he has accommodated himself to the question of mounting shows the happy tact of not taking any part of the business too seriously. He has had the co-operation of Mr. Alma-Tadema, and Mr. Tadema, it is true, is nothing if not archæological; but by avoiding an aggressive solidity the documentary stamp, the "reconstruction," as it were, has been kept in the right key—the key of the amusing. The Britons are figures on a tapestry, the Romans are figures on a mock triumphal arch, and as the play never leaves us for many minutes in one place, the place is indulgently impressionistic. When Romans and Britons meet, at the end, in the shock of battle, the carnage is as merry a game as all the rest. When Iachimo, at dead of night, emerges from the trunk in Imogen's room, hovers about her bed, takes off her bracelet, and catalogues at his leisure the items of proof by which he shall win his wager, we are in an order of things as delightfully idle as the verse in which he subsequently retails his observations:

> "The chimney
> Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece
> Chaste Dian, bathing."

Imogen, in a soft lamp-light that seems to confound itself with the radiance of her purity, sleeps under the protection of this goddess, and that of a cloudy canopy, which, like the curtain in an old-fashioned portrait, is vaguely caught up to where

> "The roof o' the chamber
> With golden cherubim is fretted";

and when her gentlewoman has retired, and the lid of the big grewsome box has begun slowly to rise, we feel the thrill of early years, a shudder almost pantomimic. There is not much to be done with Iachimo but to make him picturesque, and Mr. Irving wisely lets him abound in the sense of his villany, qualified as it is by the quaintness of a masquerade, of which the "happy ending" is "pardon's the word for all." He gives the character the benefit of his great art of visible composition—a duskiness of romance, an eccentricity of distinction—and is content to let it, so far as it *is* a character, profit by the half-reluctant good-humor into which we settle when the story, at once so disagreeable and so pretty, brings us at last to Milford Haven and the delightful cave in Wales. Why should the reprobate Roman be more "natural" than the lamentable Briton? The Kembles and Keans and Macreadys used, I believe, to amuse themselves in their lighter hours with Posthumus, but he can scarcely be said to be first-rate sport—there is still less to be done with him than with Iachimo. The wicked queen is a fine scarlet patch, which Miss Genevieve Ward keeps full in the light; she is like some vivified portrait-bust of the Vatican or the Capitol, some hard, high-frizzled Agrippina or Faustina. But there is no great sport for any one save Imogen till we reach the fourth act, which fairly hums, like a bee among flowers, with the spirit of poetry. Belarius in his cave, the hidden young princes—with the Briton's love of sport—in their goat-skins, the frightened Fidele, the decapitated Cloten, the clothes of Posthumus, the invading Romans, the enchanting verse, make a sweet jumble, from which even the foot-lights can scarcely brush the bloom. Italy crops up in a sense still different from that of "the legions garrisoned in Gallia"—even those who come under the conduct of "bold Iachimo, Sienna's brother." The whole scene becomes a carnival procession, a fantasy of the Renaissance. Miss Terry, as Fidele, grows younger and younger, and in her beautiful melancholy boy's dress shows admirably that the more chance she has for freedom of motion the more easily she surmounts its dangers. Her immense naturalness throughout the character is of the highest value, through its enabling her to throw all her weight, without any of the arts usually employed to that end, into the positive innocence of it—that of the young wife youthfully in love with her absent husband. The impulsiveness of this innocence, breaking out in confident high spirits, draws, by its vivid opposition to the evil that is believed of her, the one happy effect that *can* be drawn from the foolish story of the husband's instantaneous surrender. But everything in *Cymbeline* is instantaneous—doubt and faith, love and hate, recognition and despair, damnation and forgiveness, victory and defeat—everything, down to the lively congruity of the figures with old, vague, but remembered, pictorial types—a sort of success that is stamped with the *coup de pouce* of Mr. Tadema and the great scenic art of Mr. Irving.

Henry James.

MISS ELLEN TERRY AS IMOGEN IN THE DISGUISE OF A BOY.

SEPARATION.

He went upon a journey,
And she was left at home;
And yet 'twas he who staid behind,
And she that far did roam.

For though he went by mountain,
And wood and stream and sea,
A little cot enwrapt in green
He saw perpetually.

And she, within the green leaves,
Unknowing that he stood
Forever by her, dreamed her way
With him by mount and wood.

Now Heaven help these lovers,
And bring her safely home,
Or drive him back along the track
Where she e'en now doth roam.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

THE PACIFIC SQUADRON AT PORT ANGELES.

Under the command of Rear-Admiral Lester A. Beardslee, the first squadron ever gathered on the Pacific coast has been stationed for the past two months in the beautiful bay at Port Angeles, Washington. In the fleet have been the flag-ship *Philadelphia*, monitors *Monadnock* and *Monterey*, gunboat *Bennington*, and the antique cruiser *Alert*—verily an old-time man-of-war, whereon the illuminating power is candles!

Port Angeles is formed by a "sand spit," or arm of the mainland, which extends into the strait a distance of three and a half miles. At high tide the width of this natural breakwater is 200 feet at the narrow end and 1200 feet at the widest part. The harbor contains twelve square miles of deep anchorage. During the early administration of Abraham Lincoln he foresaw the great importance of the Pacific coast, and knowing that that part of the Union would some day have a large trade with the Orient, he caused a cruising-vessel to be sent to the coast and report on the location of a site for a model city. The report was made on June 19, 1862, and Port Angeles became "the adopted child of the Federal government." Instructions were sent to the Surveyor-General of Washington Territory, and to the Registrar and Receiver of the Olympia Land-office, to withhold from sale or location of any kind 3500 acres of land, upon which it was the intention of President Lincoln to build a model city. Civil war and Lincoln's untimely death prevented the carrying out of these plans. In the succeeding years Port Angeles was forgotten, and remained the almost inaccessible home of the Siwash until 1883, when the population numbered seventeen. In 1890 the population had grown to 400. The immense tract of land known as "The Reserve" had in the mean while been taken possession of by squatters, who appropriated to themselves each two town lots, 50 × 150 feet. They felled the giant trees of the forest, built their homes, and cultivated the ground around them, to which, however, they had no title. Finally steps were taken to induce the government to grant titles to all those who had settled on the reserve. The population by this time (June, 1891) was 4000. On June 1, 1894, all lots on the government reserve were offered for sale except those which had been originally set aside for military purposes by Lincoln, and those which had been already settled upon and improved as required by the Land-office regulations.

These were sold direct to the squatter at the value put upon them by appraisers appointed by the government prior to the sale. During the thirty years that Angeles lay asleep and forgotten, Victoria, which lies but seventeen miles distant across the strait, had grown to be a city of wealth and importance. Esquimault, the British naval station of the Pacific squadron, is on her outskirts, and Angeles is within sound and reach of the great guns of England's war-ships. It was therefore not without satisfaction that Admiral Beardslee allowed the thunder of our "Big Betsy" and "Alice" to awaken the echoes of Vancouver's everlasting hills; for, as Captain Cotton, of the *Philadelphia*, has very aptly put it, "Angeles is the natural reply to Esquimault."

LADS' LOVE.

AN IDYL OF THE LANDS OF HEATHER.

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE GRAY MAN," "THE RAIDERS," "THE LILAC SUN-BONNET," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

I MAKE LOVE IN EARNEST.

THE lasses stood transfixed, and looked helplessly at one another.

"He's awesome determined. Ye dinna ken."

"'Deed ye had better just do it and let him be gang his ways," said the Hempie. "It's no that very horrid if yince ye hae made up your mind to it."

And she was coming about the table to show them the way, for she cared not a doit about the matter one way or the other. She would as soon have kissed her father.

"Come back oot o' that, Hempie," cried Nance, forgetting about the necessity for quiet; "gin a sister o' mine were to demean hersel' to kiss a thing like that at the point o' the bayonet—I wad—"

And the angry Nance stood breathless and speechless with indignation, as it were reaching into the empty air for a conclusion dire enough to suit her vengeance.

The Hempie pouted, and stood balancing herself on one foot.

"It's a great to-do about nocht ava. See here, Alec," she said, turning to me, "I'll gie ye three to let Grace and Nance aff, and to let us a' get to our beds."

But I had had more than three from that mint already, and it was not such like that I now coveted, the Hempie being too young to have proper feelings about so important a matter. Besides, there was the wager and the victory over Allan and Matt, who were doubtless cooling their heels outside, and thinking themselves so mighty clever because they had dooket the two lairds in the burn, which, indeed, they would never have thought of but for me.

So I shook my head.

"No, Hempie, I wad like it weel—to obleege ye," said I. "But it's this way: It's no that I like it personally, as one might say. It's a vow that I hae ta'en, and I canna gang back on my word. I couldna gang afore the minister in the kirk on Sabbath wi' a clear conscience if I were to break my word aboot a thing like that. It's a kiss apiece frae ilka yin o' your bonny mous—you to come ower here o' your ain free will and kiss me. Or I dinna steer oot o' this chair till mornin'!"

"Aweel," said Nance, a new thought striking her, "e'en let us gang to our beds and leave him here to himsel'; muckle good that will do to him, gin my faither catches him."

But I snatched the lamp and set it behind me.

"A' richt, lasses; gin ye like to leave the lamp burnin' and the curtain open, it's a' the same to me. I'm no feared."

And I swept the curtain of the long window back with my arm. The light lay in a broad bar across the fields, plain to be seen from Peter Chrystie's window. And Peter, as I well knew, did not pull down his bedroom blind.

Nance sprang at the curtain, snatched it out of my hand, and pulled it back again so that no light escaped.

Then she stood over me, and the anger fair sparked from her dark, indignant eyes. She clenched her hands and held them stiff at her sides. Then she bent her head a little forward and looked at me, fighting for some adequate utterance. Oh, but she was splendid to look at! It was not the first time I had thought her the bonniest lass it ever was my lot to see.

"O, ye gorb, ye worm!" she said, in a low voice of deadly anger; "ye fathom o' pump water on end! I wish I were a man for five minutes to throw ye head-foremost oot o' the window—comin' here to fear three lasses. Ye may weel be prood o' yoursel', ye feckless scullion. Gie the like o' you a kiss! Faith no, though ye waited till the day of Judgment and there wasna a man nearer than the stars that shine midway the lift o' heaven."

But I sat tight and said no word, knowing well that she would come in of that humor by-and-by. I was in no hurry, for I was quite sure of getting back into our stable loft before the time of my father's rising.

So I just leaned a wee farther back in my chair and looked at her—and faith but she was bonny!

"Nance," said I, "ye should aye be raised. It gars ye your een shine like stars in the water on a summer's nicht—dark and bricht at once—cauld as the ice-blink o' the north, and warm as a fire in the ingle-nuik burning for the first hame-coming o' newly married folk."

"Humph! Set her up, indeed—a' that aboot oor Nance's een. Ye never said the like to me," cried the Hempie, indignantly. "Ye get Nance to open the sneck o' the window to ye the next time."

And the Hempie, who up till now had been taking my part in all good-comradeship, tossed her head and turned away in a huff.

But though Nance did not relax her attitude of anger, somehow the pith went out of it at my words, for I think that deep down she always rather liked me. Her hands relaxed, she leaned back against the end of the table, and she looked at me in a new way—the way a woman looks at a man whose heart is in her hands.

"But," I went on, yet more softly, looking at her critically, as one might at a bonny picture, "I am no juist so sure that I dinna like ye better when there comes a saft and kindly lowe o' licht into your e'e. Aye, there it is; keep it like that, lass. It gangs richt to my heart like the smell o' hawthorn on a sweetheartin' gloamin'—"

"Havers," said Nance—"I never listened to sic havers in a' my life."

But she went smiling about the house, and then sat down with her elbows on the table and her chin on her joined hands, daring me with her eyes to continue. I resolved to show them what a college education could do. Besides, as I have said, she was terribly bonny, and I aye liked her, though I never had a chance to tell her so before.

Grace yawned and pretended to go to sleep over her work, and the Hempie turned her back on me and undisguisedly sulked; and that pleased me best of all. For the Hempie was just a young ignorant bit lassie, and as fond of her dog Towser as of me—fonder, indeed.

"But where learned ye that mainner o' speakin'?" said Nance. "I declare I never heard the like o' it before—never in a' my life—"

And I could see her turning over in her mind the leaves of the many-paged book of her experience.

"Gin that's the gait ye talk to the Hempie," she said, "I dinna wonder that she bides oot so late. I am vexed that I bade her come in."

"Hum!" said the Hempie over her shoulder, contemptuously, "and thank ye for naething. Ye are michty condescending, Nance Chrystie. It's not to me that he wad dare to talk—sic like sugary balderdash, too. Na, faith, he kens better. I wad gie him a sound daud i' the lug."

And so she would, as fast as look at it.

"But ye see, Hempie," said I, playing with her boyish ill humors, "it a' depends. Nae man can cut withoot the claith. Ye canna draw a bonny picture withoot the subject. So at least the painter lads in Edinburgh tell me. And though ye are a nice lass, Hempie, and will be bonnier when your legs hae settled how far they are gaun to grow oot o' your boot heads, ye mauna think that ye can compare wi' the sister o' ye."

The Hempie rose in great disdain.

"Sister or no sister, ye can e'en sit up till mornin'. I'll no bide here a minute langer just to listen to our Nance being cried up for the wonder o' the world."

And so, with her head erect, she marched out of the door, and we could hear her tramp up the stairs, without attempting to soften her footsteps even when she passed her father's chamber.

Grace was now really and undisguisedly sleeping, without subterfuge or deception. But Nance sat opposite to me, watching me, without ever looking away, courting me to go on with her shining, beautiful eyes. Yet I think it was not vanity, but the taste of a new experience that was sweet to her. Also may be she had liked me more than she had let on to herself. Such things happen among lasses that are much made of.

"Nance," said I, "mind ye, though I cam' on a daftlike errand and made ye fell angry at me, it wasna for that I ventured here this nicht. But because I couldna itherwise gat speech o' ye. Nance, ye are far ower bonny to waste your youth on a parcel o' ignorant ploughlads and country buckies, that ken nocht but the way the grape gangs into the tatie-furrow or the road the hornspune taks to their mouth. I am young, but I hae been in great cities, and seen lasses that were counted bonny; yet, as I live, never a yin was fit to be your bridesmaid—no yin amang them a' fit to stand in satin and pearlins beside Nance Chrystie in a gown o' blue druggit."

"Siccan nonsense!" said she, softly, never blinking or taking away her head, but just a pulse on her white neck beating slow, as if she were drinking a sweet beverage and wanted to make it last the longer. And it was then, I think, that the love that had been underneath began to come uppermost.

"True it is, Nance," said I; "and mind ye I am no talkin' this gate to every lass I meet. You can ask the Hempie if ever I spake this way to her."

"The Hempie is but a bairn," said Nance. "But some lass in Edinburgh—ye maun hae said a' that often before to get it so like a buik that folk write aboot love."

"Na, na, lass," said I; "my heart has been gatherin' like water in a dam—summer rain and Lammas flood filling it little by little. Nance, my lass, it has only overflowed the nicht. The mouth is just speakin' oot o' the fulness o' the heart. Ye think I'm but a lad, Nance; but I'm no gaun to bide here in the sheuch o' life a' my days. I'm gaun to be something forbye a driver o' nowte and a fodderer o' horses."

At this moment Grace awaked with a start, and looked all about her with a bewildered air. Then seeing Nance still sitting with her chin on her hands, she rose somewhat crossly, gathered up her knitting, and went towards the door.

"Ye can sit there till it be broad daylight, listening to Alec's clavers, gin ye like, Nance; but as for me, I'm off to my bed."

At her words Nance rose too. But she did not go away. She only leaned her palms on the table, and her eyes shone far brighter than the lamp as I saw them still turned on me.

"Sweetheart," said I, "will ye wait for me? Will ye believe in me?"

"Ye may come and see me again the morn's nicht," she said, softly; "and now slip awa'; I maun gang after Grace."

There was a strange misty light about her face, a loving dimness beaconed in her eyes, and her lips were like poppies among yellow corn—a rare thing to see, but when once seen, never forgotten.

"And the three kisses," said I, going about the table to her; "the rest have gone and left us. Ye must gie me them a'—"

"*Must!*" she said; "is that the way you court a lass, to begin the very first night with *musts?*"

A flash of something that was not mirth nor yet love, but akin to both, passed across her face.

"But—" she said, and then stopped.

I waited with expectation for her to finish her sentence.

"Yes, Nance?" said I, inquiringly. But for a while she was silent. But at last the words came, and for the first time that night she looked away.

"Gin ye kiss as weel as ye court," she said, "ye may gie me twa—and gin I like it, I'll see if I canna gie ye the last back again, just to be rid o' ye."

And so I did. And so she did. Then the next moment after that I found myself fronting the darkness and the bite of the misty night air, with a reeling brain and a feeling as if I had fallen from a great height. The French window was black and fast behind me, and I stumbled against the dyke in front without feeling it, like a man drunken. As indeed I was, for though I had kissed a many in my time, that touch of Nance Chrystie's lips ere she followed her sister Grace to bed was my first kiss.

CHAPTER VII.

THE AFTER-COME.

FOR a long time I stood still and silent, leaning against the rough stones of the dyke, waiting for my love's window to light up. But though I waited long, all the side of the house of Nether Neuk remained dark. Then I got a great start. The night was still, and yet a clammy brooding of chillish mist had filtered up from the east. An owl hooted far back in the woods, and then again the vault of night was lonely.

Suddenly a hand stole into mine, and I snatched my fingers away as quickly as if an adder had crawled into my palm out of the crevices of the dyke.

"Wheesh!" said a voice, low down near the ground. "They hae heard what you and Nance said to yin anither, and they are waiting doon by the loaning fit to do ye a mischief."

"Who are waiting, and who may you be that tells me so kindly?" said I, trying to pierce the misty dark.

"O," replied the voice, "I'm juist Rab An'erson's Deil, and my sister, the Hoolet, is at your ither side. We ken a' aboot you and Nance. We saw ye gie her a kiss. But we'll no tell. Dinna be fear't. But it's Allan Herd and Mathy Kerr that's waiting to be upsides wi' you for makin' love to their lasses. Allan is as mad as he can be, and says that he will brain ye as readily as he wad stamp on a paddock, and Mathy says he'll help him to do it. So the Hoolet and me cam' to warn ye."

"And we saw what ye got the noo frae Nance. But we'll no tell," chimed in the piping voice of the Hoolet from the other side.

"Ye are guid bairns," said I, "and I'll no forget ye."

Then I paused to think what I should do.

"Gang ower the dyke, Alec McQuhirr," said the voice of Rab An'erson Deil in my ear; "dinna be feared. Then the Hoolet and me will cry up to that auld Sawtan Peter himsel', and send him doon the loan to Allan Herd and Mathy Kerr. They lickit me wi' a hazel stick the last nicht they cam' by the Lang Wood o' Larbrax, but ye were kind to us. And mair than that, Nance likes ye—at least the noo."

Though the last clause was added as an after-thought, it was evidently a perfectly sincere tribute to the transitory nature of Nance's past affections.

I withdrew quickly over the dyke, and slipped down the orchard hedge till I could see the house of Nether Neuk loom up like a fortalice behind its beech-trees, and the few domed hay-stacks which were all that remained of last year's crop. It rose white and still in the glimmering light, presenting a strangely military aspect, with its rectangular shape, its barred court-yard, and its barn loop-holed as if for musketry—a legacy no doubt from days, not so very old, when every hill farm must keep its own cattle and be ready to stand a siege like a fortress, with no garrison but its own stalwart sons and able-bodied serving-men.

Standing in the dark of the orchard angle, I heard a stone tinkle against the glass of a window. Then there was a pause of silence. Again the pebbles jingled—a handful this time. The window was thrown up, and something white appeared thereat.

"What nicht-rakers may ye be that throws stanes at my window?" cried the angry voice of Peter Chrystie; "a man canna get his natural sleep."

"I'm juist Rab An'erson's lass," said the Hoolet, in a weak voice, "and there's twa men doon at the loanin' fit lyin' ahint the dyke wi' muckle sticks, an' I darena gang hame."

The Hoolet had been put on to speak the piece, chiefly because the Deil was distinctly out of favor with Peter, owing to sundry acts of larceny connected with the orchard and garden.

"And what do ye here at this time o' nicht—helpin' your lazy ill-set faither to poach, nae doot. But at ony rate Ise get my gun and shift thae vaigabonds in the loanin'. They can be after little good."

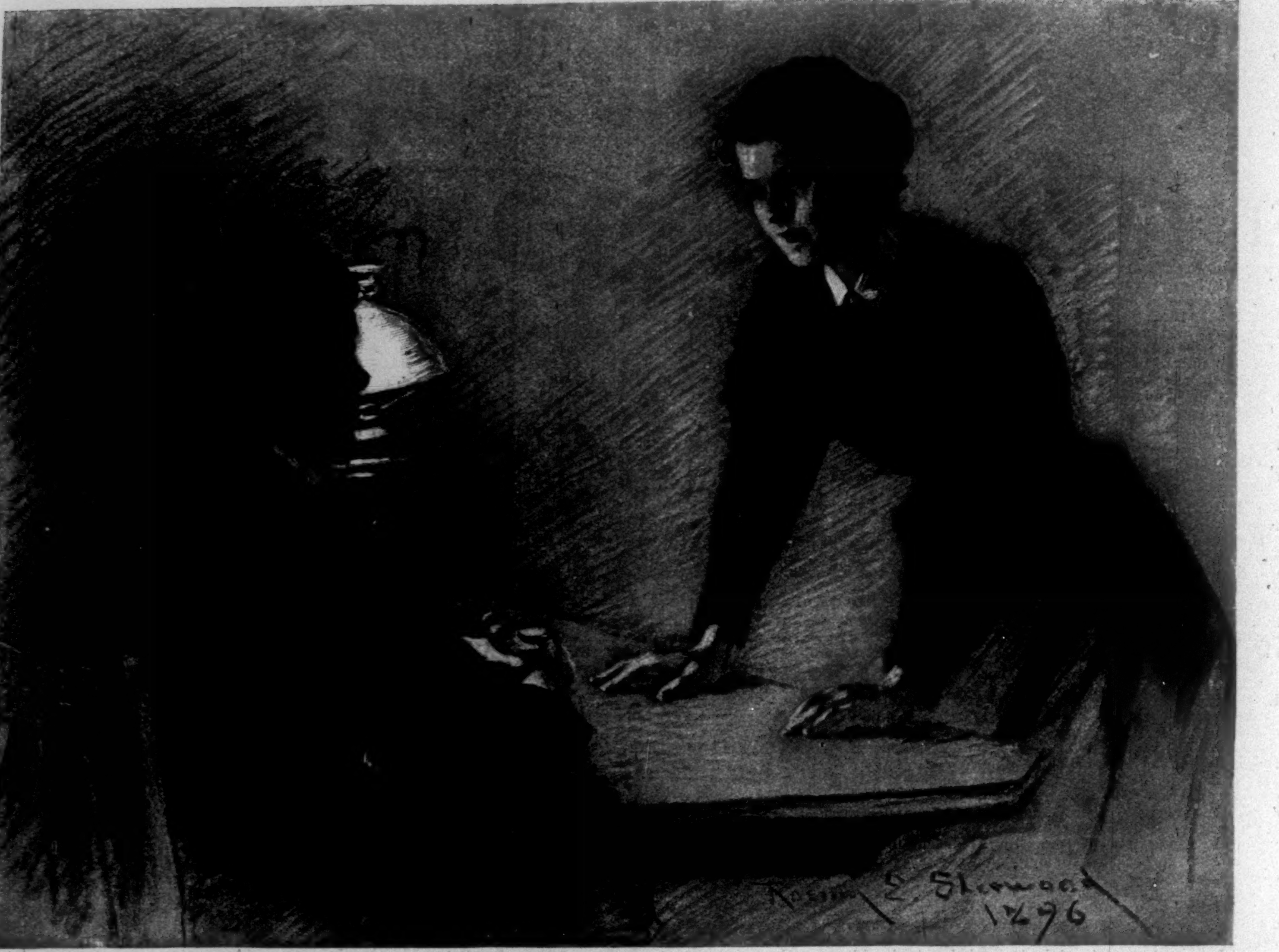
Presently the front door was cautiously opened, and Peter, with his gun held in the hollow of one arm, stole past my place of refuge. I could hear him pant as he went by, and a stream of oaths, such as ill became an elder, rumbled in his throat. His foot died away on the short turf, and the next sound that I heard was the loud rumble as the stones of a dyke went rattling to the ground. This was followed by the noise of blows, a long, thunderous blast of "language," the loud report of a gun, and then, last of all, the clatter of fleeing footsteps. So I knew that Peter had fallen on the ambush which had been laid for me, and that he had dispersed the enemy with heavy loss. For there was no Hempie this time to draw the charge, and to substitute the kindly succulent pea for the coldly imperious handful of lead drops.

"I'll learn you to frequent the Nether Neuk without an invite, my lads," cried Peter. "I'm thinkin' I peppered the pair o' ye where ye'll hae some bother in scartin. It will learn ye to come gilravagin aboot a decent man's hoose, deprivin' him o' his nicht's rest and gettin' decent lasses an ill name."

I lay still behind the orchard hedge and let him go grumbling home, mumbling maledictions upon all lovers and other ill-designing night-rakers.

I had a long way to go, and it was already gray day when I got back to Drumquhat. And I did not like the feel of the place as I came up the loaning. It had a look as if somebody was stirring, though as yet no smoke rose from the chimneys. For there is always a different look about a farm town after the first person rises in the morning. Also the Drumquhat poultry were awake. They had come down from their sleeping-bauks, and were contentedly picking in the yard. I heard an unusual clattering in the stable. I made my way there, hoping to gain the shelter of the loft undetected.

My father was at the horse, and did not turn round when I came to the door. I saw Brown Bess look wistfully over her shoulder for the lump of sugar which I stole for



"SHE LEANED HER PALMS ON THE TABLE, AND HER EYES SHONE FAR BRIGHTER THAN THE LAMP."

her out of my mother's cupboard every morning. Finding, however, that her new groom did not give it to her, she jibbed restively and stood sideways. Then next she tried slyly to administer a slight bite to her placid neighbor, Mary Gray, over the edge of the stall. But the resounding clap which she received on her flank, as well as a stern and sharp command to "Stand up there!" reminded her that on this occasion she had to do with a Cameronian elder, and not with a mere adherent.

"This is a bonny time to be comin' crawlin' hame to your bed, my man," said my father at last. "Where hae ye been a' nicht? Is this what they learned ye aboot the college? There's by-roads to hell to be learned here in Gallowa' withoot payin' a' that siller to learn them in Edinburgh. What hae ye to say for yoursel'?"

I had, in fact, nothing to say. So very discreetly I held my tongue.

"Wha' has been wi' ye—hae ye been in ill company, Alec?" he went on.

I had indeed been in company of the best, but I could not quite tell my father of it. So I said, with much meekness; "I was ower by wi' Allan Herd and Matthew Kerr, and I didna ken it was so late."

"Late!" cried my father, ironically. "Faith, I wad ca' it early. And no that early either, for I have a' your wark dune, my sluggard. There's nocht left for ye to do but e'en to gang your ways up to the stable loft and count your neck-ties. There maun be some score o' them—the spotted and the striped, the speckled, the grisled, and the ring-straked—mair difficult to keep track o' than a' Laban's yowes on the braes o' Padan-Aram."

In the kitchen I met my mother. And that was a thousand times worse than coming on my father in the stable. For she stood and looked at me for all the world as if I had committed a murder, and had come home with the officers of justice hard on my trail.

"O, Alec, ye'll break my heart wi' your ongangin'," she said, clasping her hands pitifully. "Ye haena been in your bed this nicht. Whare hae ye been? Your faither is in a terrible state aboot ye. What for canna ye bide decently in your bed and tak' your sleep, and no hae to gang aboot a' the day blinkin' like a hoolet that has lost its road hame?"

"O, mither," said I, "dinna be feared. I hae juist been ower by Allan and Mathy."

"Allan and Mathy—a likely tale!" cried my mother, working herself up. "Ragin' and tearin' aboot the Nether Neuk, mair likely. O, Alec, gin my eldest son is to turn oot a prodigal amang the swine troughs, I dinna ken what I shall do. Hae ye fed the pigs?" she continued, as if the mention of the prodigal had called up the subject.

I went to the great boiler in which the pigs' meat had been put on to simmer the night before, and having filled two buckets of the stuff, I carried them across the yard to where, in the sties, the porkers were already leaping up with their fore feet on the doors and singing their morning invocation to the gods of the belly.

When I came back and had sat down to my porridge, which my mother had ready for me, I could hear her and my father talking together in the little back room which opened off the kitchen.

Strange to say, it was my father who was defending me. I could hardly believe my ears, for Saunders McQuhirr had been twenty years a consistent Cameronian elder.

"Hoot, Mary," he was saying, "what for do ye make sic a mourning aboot the laddie steppin' oot for a quiet hour at e'en as ithers hae dune before him? If the lasses are decent lasses, let him e'en hae his blink. Hae ye forgotten that mony a time somebody cam' doon to meet me langsyne at the darksome road end, where the Shirmers' loanin' begins to wimple up the brae?"

But my mother could not take that view of it. She declined to recall old memories, and instead confined herself to my present and actual transgressions—which indeed were patent enough.

"Saunders McQuhirr, I wonder to hear ye," cried she, "and you an elder o' the kirk—uphaudin' thae haverels o' Chrystie lasses—aye, and evenin' them to your married wife. It 'll never be wi' my guid-wull that Alec marries ony yin o' them—"

"Mary," said my father, gently, "gin Alec left the task o' looking for a wife to you, he wad hae a fine chance o' ganging a bachelor to his grave!"

"O," said my mother, "ye make a mistake, guidman. I'm no again marriage in the general—"

"No. Only when it comes to be your ain son that slips oot to see his lass—then ye are again it in the particular," quoth my father, with more wit than discretion, as after thirty years of experience he might have known. But when it comes to a domestic debate, the wisest and most experienced man finds that his unruly evil is infinitely more restive than he had thought.

"But I'm tellin' ye, Saunders McQuhirr," cried my mother, "tak' my word for it, thae Chrysties will never mak' guid wives to ony man. The very last time I was up at the Neuk, guess ye what I fand. The three o' them, wi' their company goons kilted to their waists, milkin' the kye in the gloamin in their braw striped petticoats, and a great silly gomeral o' a lad at every cow's tail, plaitin' it into strands and tiein' it wi' ribbons. I defy ye to say that ye ever kenned me at sic a daft ploys in *my* young days!"

My father laughed a little. I liked to hear him laugh like that. I kenned now why them that for their misdeeds had to appear before the session were so keen to have him there when they were dealt with.

"Mary," he said, softly—and I'm sure, though I could not see, that he had his arm about my mother's waist—"Mary, how was it, then, can ye mind, that the twa luggies o' new milk were spilled at the corner o' the Shirmers' byre when ye were carrying them into the milk-hoose—aye, and that within ten yairds o' the brass buttons on the back o' your faither's coat, decent man?"

There was no reply for a moment, but a curious silence instead. Then I heard my mother say, "Weel, Sandy, I suppose it was because the brass buttons were on the *back* o' my faither's coat."

Then there befell another and a longer silence in the little ben-room. And presently my father came out.

As he passed me sitting at my porridge he gave me a bit clap on the shoulder.

"It's a' richt," he whispered; "gang ben and mak' it up wi' your mither."

And I declare his kindness came over me like a wave. I was ready to greet like a bairn. If there's a better man than my father in broad Scotland I have yet to see him. And, even as he had said, I found it easy to make it up with my mother.

But after all was over and the peace made, my mother, as was her nature, could not forbear a parting word.

"Gin it's to be a Chrystie," said she, "I hope it's Grace, for she's the doucest, and has least to say."

"Gin it's a Chrystie," said I in answer, "it 'll be Nance; that is, if she'll hae me. For she's the bonniest."

"Beauty is but skin deep," quoth my mother, wisely.

"May be," said I, stroking her cheek, which was yet smooth as an egg, soft as a peach, and, for all her years and her bairns, had the red blood mantling bonny in it—"may be, mither, but what the waur are ye o' your skin keepin' its beauty like that o' ony young lass in the pairish? And richt prood are we a' o't. Surely ye are nae the waur a mither for being bonny to see, mither mine!"

And I leaned over and kissed her.

She gave me a little push, actually blushing a little, but none so ill pleased and taking it well.

"Gae way wi' ye, Alec," she said. "I declare ye think ye can flairdie and come ower your auld mither wi' your slee fleechin tongue. Keep thae sayings for Nance Chrystie, for I'm lang past carin' for sic talk—doonricht flattery, I ca' it." And my mother complacently settled her cap on her head and took a look at the little cracked bedroom glass. Then, as she went out of the door, she said, a little thoughtfully, "I'm doubtfu' that ye are your faither's ain son, Alec."

"And I couldna be connected with a better man," I replied.

But what that had to do with the case I know not, saving that my mother's saying may possibly throw some light on a Cameronian elder's manner of wooing—a recondite and much-disputed subject.

When I went to see Nance on Wednesday night, the Hempie met me at the loaning foot.

"Nance is in there," she said, pointedly, but not spitefully, "and I'm gaun a walk wi' Allan Herd. He's far better lookin' than you ony way, and he thinks me bonnier than Nance."

So I met my love in the shadow of the great apple-tree, where the foliage and the ivy make a shade deep as a cavern, and where the lower boughs are spread along the wall like a cushioned seat. There I took up the subject again, and told her how I loved her. And after an hour of it I paused a moment for breath.

"Go on," said Nance, without raising her head from where it had been resting, but giving me a push with the side of it so that the little curls about her ear tickled my neck.

"But that is all, Nance," said I, looking down and touching the tangle of her hair where it pretended to part in the middle but did not. "What else is there to tell you?"

Nance gave a little happy sigh and nestled lower—on the apple-tree bough.

"*Then just tell it me all over again from the beginning,*" she said.

THE END.

SCENES FROM DE KOVEN AND SMITH'S NEW COMIC OPERA "THE MANDARIN,"

AS PERFORMED AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL.—[SEE PAGE 1143.]

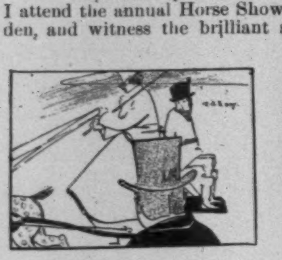
1. Act I.—Fan-Tan (George C. Boniface, Jun.) and One of his Companions. 2. Act II.—Ting-Ling (Adele Ritchie) dancing. 3. Act II.—Fan-Tan as the False Mandarin received by Ting-Ling and the other Wives.

THE TWELFTH HORSE SHOW

OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

BY CASPAR WHITNEY.

THERE are moments when I think the wisest man is perhaps he who lives in the present and lets the future take care of itself. At no time does this impression possess me more strongly than when I attend the annual Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, and witness the brilliant success which has come to this exhibition each year, with little especial provision beyond that of place, time, and prizes.



A TANDEM AND A TIGER.

The Horse Show has really made its own way, guided somewhat it is true, but successful because of its own merits rather than from any material aid given by its projectors. The National Association has been, in fact, chiefly a thoroughly competent manager, liberally patronized by the public, and generous, through the prize-list, in the employment of the gate receipts. But herein is not the limit of usefulness of this annual event, and surely not the end and all of the ambition of its sponsors, otherwise the name National Association is misleading, and should be changed to read, Horse Show Company of New York.

And yet practically the Directors of the National Association have for the past three or four years been living in the present, apparently unmindful of the possibilities of their influence on the horse-breeders of America.

This is not written in a spirit of mere captious criticism. None knows better than I the concern of the Directors individually for the improvement of our horseflesh, and the efforts of the Association's officials to that end. That a medium for such improvement has been provided, and a good long step taken in the desired direction, we all appreciate. There is no thought of here detracting one iota from the splendid work already done, but of offering honest criticism of the things that have been left undone in the last two or three years, and their relation to future endeavors.

The course of the National Association's Directors in the last three years reminds me somewhat of that of a Kansas State Legislature a dozen years ago. It was the time when the movement for absolute prohibition was sweeping the State from end to end; and the legislators, with a rare lack of prescience, closed up all the saloons—and left the breweries and distilleries running in full blast. A rather clumsy way of trying to reach the producer through the consumer.

In a manner almost similar the Association has been attempting to sway the exhibitor, and through him the breeder. That is, the Directors have used their personal and unofficial influence towards the establishment of types of horses, and the judges in the ring have, when possible, rebuked the mixing of classes, but no official act of the Association has forbidden the confounding of types, and entries continue to be accepted that mix classes despairingly. Thus we find the same horse entered in the Saddle, Hunter, and Harness classes, and the Trotter and Roadster confused to the complete extinction of the latter.

It would have been neither possible nor desirable when the Association held its first show, twelve years ago, to adhere strictly to such division of entries. Such close attention to class was not feasible, perhaps, for the first half-dozen years, during which the show's most valuable work was that of an educator in good carriage horseflesh, in style, and in general form of equipment. An attempt to educate too rapidly leaves the individual but little better off than he was in his unenlightened state. It was needed first that we get high-grade horses before beginning their separation into classes. So in the early struggling days of the show the Directors had more than one good reason to shrink from rejecting entries.

SURVIVALS OF SAM WELLER AND HIS FATHER.

That day, however, has passed. Certainly for the last four years the Association has been sufficiently assured of its position to warrant a bolder course, while the superb display of horses and traps, the evidence of intimacy with form in their turning out, prove its educational mission to have been accomplished.

It is time now, and has been for three years, that the Association gave appreciable evidence of sympathetic understanding of its responsibilities. Of course I am presupposing the Directors' wish to make the Association really national in effect, and not simply in name. If I am thrusting responsibility upon the Directors they do not care to assume, then my criticism has no point. But I have not regarded the New York show as a mere local exhibition, like a dozen others held throughout the country, with classes that are filled almost exclusively by resident owners, and awards that have no national significance. I have not looked upon the annual exhibition as a mere spectacle, nor do I believe the Directors desired it to be so viewed. The original purpose of the National Association was not simply to manage a horse show, but to raise the standard of American horseflesh, and to provide a national tribunal for the distribution of awards that would be prized by exhibitors and respected by breeders.

There is but one way of accomplishing this, and that by the establishment of types. To argue for the division of entries into types seems almost like trying to convince one of the need of familiarity with his A B C's before plunging into the classics. It should always be remembered that this National Show is not like a county fair, where the best animals in the immediate vicinity carry off the prizes, irrespective of particular types or precedent elsewhere. The man whose income permits of his keeping only a horse or two is fortunate indeed if in those two he can combine saddle and harness qualities. If I can afford but a single hack, and can put him to a runabout, or follow the hounds with a fair chance of his not floundering over all the fences, or take an afternoon gallop around the Park, I am to be envied the ownership of so useful an animal. But the National Horse Show of the United States is not for the exploitation of the general-utility horse.

There is need for a more intelligent defining of classes throughout the entire catalogue of the National Association show, but especially as between Saddle and Harness horses. The Directors of the Association are Frederick Bronson, A. J. Cassatt, Cornelius Fellowes, John G. Heckscher, Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., H. H. Hollister, Lawrence Kip, E. D. Morgan, A. Newbold Morris, F. A. Schermerhorn, F. K. Sturgis, George Peabody Wetmore, and W. C. Whitney. None knows better than the majority of these gentlemen that the difference between a Saddle and Harness type of horse is distinct. The conformation of a horse that should be considered fit to compete for championship honors under the saddle differs materially from the animal that may take a blue ribbon in harness. The manner of carrying the head, the "feel" of the mouth, the gaits—much is different, and that difference wide. To enter a horse in both Saddle and Harness classes is tantamount to an acknowledgment on the owner's part that he is not really first class in either. To accept the double entry is a confession by the Association of either a disregard of the responsibility with which we believe it is invested, or a keenness for the entry fees that is not warranted by its present financial condition, and not comely in an organization whose interest is that of the breeder and exhibitor.

AFTERNOON AMENITIES.

So many horses are not entered in both classes as formerly, which is most encouraging evidence of the increasing betterment of each type, but there is yet too much mixing of the Harness and Saddle types.

Not so important to breeders, and yet bearing with great force on the Association's position in establishment of types, is the mixing of the Saddle and Hunter classes. There is as much difference—certainly more in point of conformation—between the Saddle and Hunter types, as between the Saddle and Harness types. They are bred for entirely dissimilar purposes, and while an occasional hunter might make a satisfactory saddle-horse, an ideal saddle-horse could never make a satisfactory hunter.

If classes are not established for the separation of types, for what purpose are they catalogued? If types are not to be respected, entries might be divided into a few broad classes, to include all horses of so many hands in height under saddle and in harness. But of course that would be carrying the present absurdity to its extreme. Classes are for the purpose of distinguishing types and for grading the various sizes of those types. Once the Association has declined to accept entry of one horse in classes that represent two different types, it has done all that can be expected of it. The judges in the ring will do the rest. If an exhibitor knows no better than to enter a horse under fifteen hands in a Brougham class, the Association cannot be held responsible for his ignorance. He will receive enlightenment by having his entry sent out of the ring.

These are matters we can safely intrust to the judges, especially such competent ones as Prescott Lawrence, Francis T. Underhill, and R. W. Rives, but the issue I make with the Association is that it discourages breeders and embarrasses the work of the judges by failing to separate types that are really distinct.

There is further confusion in the Hunter classes by the indiscriminate entering permitted. For instance, a Hunter may be entered in the light, middle, and heavy weight classes and as a green and a qualified Hunter, and the situation is given a humorous side by the injunction against a single animal winning in more than one of these classes—that is to say, the Association is perfectly willing to take the entry fee from one horse to every one of these classes, but will not permit him to win a prize in more than one of them. If these distinctions of weight and quality mean anything, they mean that a Hunter up to carrying two hundred pounds is not eligible to a class provided for those up to carrying only one hundred and sixty pounds, and that a Hunter which has not been ridden to hounds through one season is not eligible to a class for those that have. If these classes are catalogued merely to swell the Association's treasury by extra entrance fees, it may be commendable business enterprise, but of no value to the breeders whom the Association has vowed to encourage. Little good results to the various types from this undue license, since owners, instead of exhibiting in the class to which their Hunters rightfully belong, show them in the one which they think offers the best chance of winning.

STUDIES IN WAISTCOATS.

We make such pretence of following the precepts of England in many details, and yet fall so far short of profiting by the example in its more important teachings. They do not mix up the Saddle and Harness or the Saddle and Hunter classes at the English horse shows.

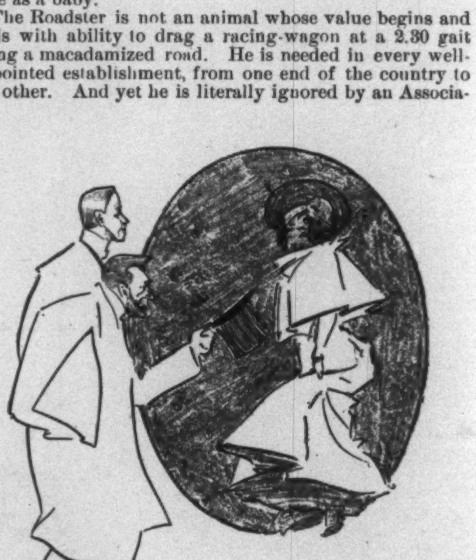
The gravest injustice, however, done breeders by the National Association is through the inexplicable mixing of the Trotter and Roadste rclasses. I should say, rather, by the complete monopolization of the Roadster class by the Trotters. The only Roadsters we see at Madison Square Garden are in our mind's eye. Three years ago a Roadster, and a good one, too, was really entered and exhibited, but the judges completely ignored him, and awarded the prize to an exhibit of the pure race-track Trotting type. Since that time no Roadster has been seen in the Garden ring, at least not in the so-called Roadster classes.

What is a Roadster? Is it a nervous, highly strung, light-boned, delicately fashioned Trotter, with barrel well tucked up? Or is it an animal of good blood and bone, well set up, well-mannered, with stylish, easy, all-round action, and speed and stamina enough to take a cart along at ten miles an hour, and keep the pace up? It is lamentably apparent that the Directors of the National Association do not know what constitutes the Roadster type. First of all, they annually appoint judges who are trotter men born and bred, and they follow this up by incorporating in the conditions governing the class the fact that the horses being "driven with ordinary or heavy shoes to force action, also whether strained with checking or severe bits," will be considered in the judging! Fancy a Roadster being driven with heavy shoes to force action!

A DRESS SUIT AT 4 P.M.

Fact is, the Roadster is unknown to the New York Horse Show, and to all intents and purposes to the Association Directors, and that is a pity, for if there is one animal in this country more used and more needed than another it is the Roadster. Not the one that draws his owner in a racing-wagon for a short "brush" on the local speedway, but the one that pulls a comfortable trap and a friend or two over the country roads at a good steady clip, and needs not, on his return to stable, as much care as a baby.

The Roadster is not an animal whose value begins and ends with ability to drag a racing-wagon at a 2.30 gait along a macadamized road. He is needed in every well-appointed establishment, from one end of the country to the other. And yet he is literally ignored by an Associa-



ON THE PROMENADE.

tion that pretends to national influence in horse-breeding.

Probably nothing the Association could do would more genuinely insure confidence in its endeavors to benefit American horseflesh than the active encouragement of this much-neglected type. Not to do so is to fall far short of a most important part of its duty.

The Association's idea of a Roadster is purely local. In no other section of the United States would a Roadster class attract the type it does in New York, for nowhere else are the two types so confounded. It is true that Trotter blood is the basis of the Roadster, but that holds equally good as applied to all other harness horses, and particularly so after the success, last week in the Garden, of trotter-bred animals. A Trotter is no more a Roadster, in the practical and generally accepted meaning, than a running race-horse is a Park hack. Yet at the National Association Show just closed, the identical mare that, with a 2.29 record, took first prize in the Trotter class, was also adjudged the ideal Roadstef, and given the blue ribbon in token of the Association's hopeless bungling of types.

HORSE-SHOW PEOPLE.

If, in the judgment of the Association, Trotters and Roadsters represent but a single type of horse, then why separate classes for each? At present the only attainment of all the so-called Roadster classes is the provision of a duplicate prize-list for the Trotters, and it seems as though the money could be more advisedly employed.

The fact is, there are too many classes which mean nothing to the breeder, and too little emphasis laid upon the distinction of types that combine to make the standard of American horseflesh. If there could be about nine hundred instead of thirteen hundred entries next year, and the horses restricted to their proper classes, the judges would have more time for their work and the results be more satisfactory to breeders.

This is not to say the judging was incompetent last week. On the contrary, it was, generally speaking, exceptionally discerning and fair. There were a few awards on which experts outside the ring did not agree with those inside, and it must be acknowledged that the men inside are in by far the better position for accurate estimate. The management of the show was above criticism, the ring kept in splendid condition, and exhibits handled quietly and smoothly by the ring-master and his aides the grooms. If only the offensive stable-boy claque at the east end of the building could be controlled, every detail would be cared for.

While in their especial classes the exhibition of Trotters was not in general quality equal to that of other years, the triumph of the week may unhesitatingly be awarded to this type of animal. Trotter-bred horses were victorious in the Harness classes on practically every occasion they came in competition with those of other breeds, and to crown all, in the half-bred Hackney class, the get, out of a "native, inspected or unregistered mare," of Almont Jun., a Trotter stallion, defeated the get of the famous Hackney stallion Cadet, who won the reserve ribbon to Clifton II. in the Challenge Cup class, "for the best Hackney stallion in the show." The Trotter-bred entry showed every time equal substance, more style and quality, and smoother all-round action. Stamboul defeated the lordly but somewhat venerable Mambrino King in the Trotter breeding class, though the latter secured the blue ribbon over Trevillian when shown with his get. The classes for Trotter youngsters were not imposing, especially the stallions, but Minola King is a beautiful filly, and easily won first prize.

The exhibition of thoroughbred stallions has never been notable, and this year was no exception. Favordale, which took first, has a good race-track record, and so has Judge Morrow, which took second prize, but neither approached the sires to be seen at the English shows.

In some individual entries the Hackneys surpassed the showing of last year, but as a class the exhibition was inferior, due, no doubt, to the absence of representatives from the stables of W. D. Sloane, Seward Webb, H. McK. Twombly, and Jos. E. Widener. The most pleasing results were noticed in the American-bred stock, which seems to thrive in our climate.

Undoubtedly the great showing of the week was made in the harness classes, particularly in the high-steppers, and Mr Bates achieved emphatic success. It would be something of a task to run through the catalogue and cast up the number of ribbons his entries received, but, roughly speaking, the number was about twenty, of which six were blue and six red. I have been in favor of limiting the classes open to dealers who are not also breeders, but I confess that a dealer who reveals such enterprise and good judgment of horseflesh must be an incentive to breeders, and is entitled to consideration at the New York show.

In no previous year has there been so superb a display of carriage-horses, single and double, and perhaps the most marked improvement was in increased pace of the high-steppers. It is no longer the horse with the ability to dance within the compass of a bushel basket which is the ideal, but the one that adds pace to brilliant all-round action.

Of the animals which won especial distinction last week were Coxey and Don Wilkes, adjudged first and second in the championship not over 15.3 class; Cogent and Rockingham, first and second in the championship over 15.3 class; Actress, His Excellency, Jack Horner, and Miss Muffat, Alarm and Adventurer, Great Scott, Flash, Amazon and Aladdin, Duke and Holly, Ganymede and Great Scott, Surprise, Blazeaway and Golden Rod, Rush and Meteor, Walsingham, Buckingham and Kentucky Girl, Sunshine and Rocket, Windsor and The Czar, Monarch and Performer, Aspiration and Ambition, Chester and Brighton, Cold Wave and Storm, His Majesty, Superior and Surprise.

The Tandems were, from every point of view, the best ever shown, Bates, with Aladdin and Amazon, and Belmont, with Rockingham and Wales, taking the blue in their respective classes. In the Pony Tandems Lady Elsie and Eccles Wonder outclassed all others.

The average quality of horse and equipment in the ten Park Fours was very high, and the competition close between Belmont and Bates, the former finally receiving the decision. The Road Fours were few in number, but those of Bates and Bratton were the best we have ever seen, and received first and second prize.

The Saddle classes were an improvement on last year. Patsy McCord, champion of the not over 15.2 class, and Rosemary, champion of the over 15.2 class, Spark, Chester, Moabund A. D., Dandy, Lachine, Roderick Random, Terrebonne, and Don Fulano being especially fine types.

The ponies did not make a very good showing, although Jenny, Topsy, Tip Top, Punch, Wild Rose, Monte Carlo, Cock Robin, and Jessie were notable exceptions. None of the Exmoor or Welsh type were exhibited.

The Hunting classes were indifferently filled, with a few good ones and many not above mediocrity. Of the former were Athlete, Intuition, Flying Dutchman, Greylock, Spray, Miss Brown, Molly, Blue Garter, Sweetbriar, Frank Lee, Royal Scarlet, Peconic, Huntsman, Kenneth, Lucy Glitters, Long Shot, Ladylike, Rockwood, Leith, Marshall, Kensington, Lady Bird, Quadrille, Punch, Majestic, Merryboy. The jumping was poor.

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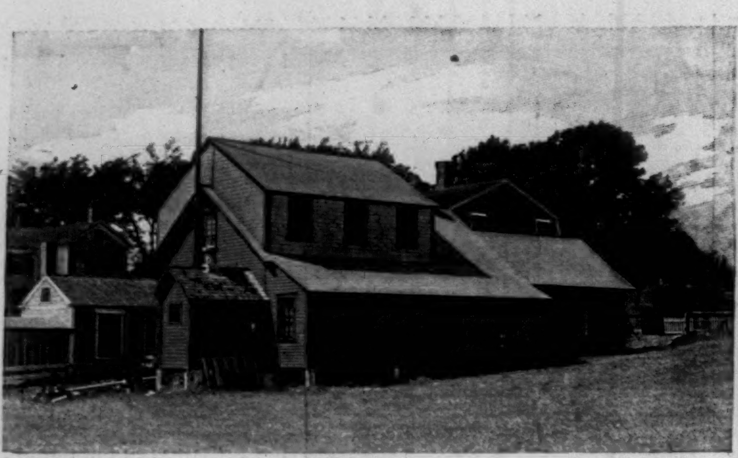

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"THE WAYS" AT MATTAPOISETT.

A MODEL AMATEUR THEATRE, AND ITS MANAGER.

A FEW wealthy persons have rooms in their houses in which temporary stages can be put up, whereon plays, chosen because they require little scenery, may be acted; fewer persons have small theatres in their houses. But all of these few persons, when they intend to give a performance, send to men who make a business of supplying scenery and properties, and hire from them everything that may be needed in the course of the play. The scenes are brought in or are made by hired painters; properties are brought from the theatre, furniture is taken from the parlors, plants from the conservatory; strange men handle scenes, furniture, and flowers. On the night of the performance the stage is crowded with scene-shifters and amateur actors when it should be empty, and if the stage-manager is not wonderfully active he is apt to find the stage empty just at the time that all the actors should be upon it. When the performance is over, and the amateurs, still in their costumes, are sitting down to a supper, the hired men are removing scenes, properties, and stage, the maltreated furniture is carried back to the parlors, the ruined plants are thrown away, and another amateur performance is ended.

The average amateur theatre, like the amateur actor, is but temporary. When it is permanent, the owner too often has no further interest in it than that of paying the bills of the man who provides "everything necessary for the production of a play."

But there is one amateur theatre the owner of which is not satisfied with paying bills for work done by others. In his theatre everything is made by himself and some chosen assistants; scenes are built by him, and painted by skilled artists; furniture and properties are built by him; plants are constructed by him; and when the performance takes place, five trained men handle the heavy pieces; and, wonder of wonders, the amateur actor is kept off the stage! As a result of this owner's system, there is no amateur actor of standing in the East but would give up his summer vacation for the privilege of acting in that theatre, though he well knows that he would have to rehearse perhaps a dozen hours a day.

The theatre-owner is Mr. E. V. Bird, an old Harvard man; the theatre is "The Ways," and the place is Mattapoisett, a little town some fifty miles from Boston, on Buzzards Bay.

Twenty odd years ago Mr. Bird was stage-manager for the "Pudding theatricals." It was the dress rehearsal, and everything was going wrong. The "prima donna" was an hour and a half late, and, when he came, was drunk. The Pierian Sodality and the hired musicians had found the champagne about three hours ahead of time, and they too were *hors de combat*. Then Mr. Bird vowed in his wrath that he would never manage another play in his life.

He kept his vow for fifteen years, and practised law. Before that time his eyes had given out, and he had taken to furniture-building. He became an excellent maker of furniture, but the sameness of the work grated on him, and he went back to the love he had rejected. He became a stage-carpenter. In overalls and cap he has helped set scenes in most of the Boston and New York theatres; he has built furniture for many a "metropolitan production," and "faked up" properties at the last moment to suit some sudden demand. More than one stage tempest has owed its effectiveness to his property trees, more than one pair of lovers have co'ted in the sunny South under the shade that he has contrived. As a member of the Theatrical Mechanics' Union he has spoken in favor of what outsiders would call common-sense, and has had his amendments contemptuously rejected. He has been discharged, along with every other stage hand in sight, by a star who burned his fingers in turning up the light at the dressing-table in the wings while he made a "quick change"; in fact, except for being on the pay-roll of a theatre, Mr. Bird has done everything that any other stage carpenter has done.

"The Ways" originally was a ways on which boats were hauled out of water for repairs. The auditorium was an old barn. When the place was complete, and in all the joy of ownership Mr. Bird looked around his little theatre, a sudden thought struck him. There were no dressing-rooms! So he built them; and with them were added a paint-room, with a paint-frame and its appurtenances, and a carpenter's room, so that now hardly any theatre in the country can surpass "The Ways" in completeness of equipment.

There are larger stages in some professional theatres, and there are smaller ones. No actor at "The Ways" has had to stand up in a corner for half an hour after making his exit because there was not enough room back of the set scene to permit him to pass to his dressing-room, though when the Lyceum in this city was built such a thing occurred every night. The stage of "The Ways" is twenty feet by forty-two feet, the acting-stage being twenty feet by twenty-five. The picture of the stage between performances will give an idea of its size and its equipments. The theatre used to boast a "grid-iron," or fly gallery, but as it was unnecessary Mr. Bird removed it. Apart from that, "The Ways" has about everything that any other theatre has. Electric bells at the prompter's hand call actors and actresses from their dressing-rooms, signal to the curtain hands to raise the curtain and lower it; the border ropes are colored as in a professional theatre; there is a paint-frame, from which the thunder-box is worked; there is a rain-box; there is a gallery for a lime-light man.

Hitherto only one set of performances has been given each year. But betweenwhiles Mr. Bird is not idle. Each year he builds a complete new scene, to be used or not used, as fate may decide. During the fall he himself builds the scenes, and in the spring one of the best scenic artists in this country paints them. The result of this continued work is a collection of stock scenes that will fit out almost any play. In Mr. Bird's storehouse are interiors and exteriors of many ages; practicable doors, windows, and trees; practicable fireplaces, bridges, rocks; an inn scene that makes one want to call for ale and a long pipe; and plants enough to stock a greenhouse, to say nothing of chairs for common people, thrones for kings, and sun-dials for those who want them.

Mr. Bird opened his theatre in the summer of 1889. In those days the scenery was painted by an amateur—a lady; but she was not strong enough to do so much as she wished, so Mr. Bird called in the aid of Mr. Harry Byrnes, of this city. He has painted almost every scene still in Mr. Bird's collection. The furniture and properties are Mr. Bird's own handiwork. Mr. Bird is rather proud of his plants and flowers. He learned how to make them from George Henry, the busiest property-maker in the country; and even while he was a pupil, he himself made palms and plants that have figured conspicuously in some well-known plays.

In 1889 Mr. Bird opened "The Ways" with *The Dowager*, and then began the custom he still maintains. A public dress rehearsal is given on a Thursday night, to which the villagers of Mattapoisett are invited; on Friday and Saturday the regular performances take place, tickets being sent to Mr. Bird's friends, unless the play is for the benefit of some object; and on Sunday the play is photographed, six views being taken of each act.

In 1890 *A Lesson in Love* was acted; in 1891, *Love and Rain* and *A Cup of Tea*; 1892 saw the performances of *A Maid of Athens* and *Old Love-Letters*; 1893, those of *A Game of Cards* and *Withered Leaves*. No performance was given in 1894; but in 1895 *A Bachelor of Arts* was played, and in 1896, *Uncle*. The women in the casts have been, as a rule, "local talent," and not imported especially for the occasion; but some of the men are shining lights in the New York Comedy Club, the Philadelphia "Mask and Wig," and other amateur organizations.

As none of the actors receives a salary, Mr. Bird is not able to fine any of them for infringing the standing rules of the theatre; but he has "faked" a method of enforcing the age-old rule that actors must keep off the stage between the acts. If any person comes on the stage without authority, he has instructed his "grips" (the audience call them scene-shifters) to put down what they are handling, to take up the heaviest article within reach, and bump into that person; to apologize, and bump into him again with the next heavy piece of furniture at hand; and to keep bumping him and apologizing until he will see that his room is better than his company. Mr. Bird has not copyrighted this plan; it is at the service of every amateur stage-manager. It is highly commended by those who have used it.

ROBERT GORDON BUTLER.

MORNING AND EVENING.

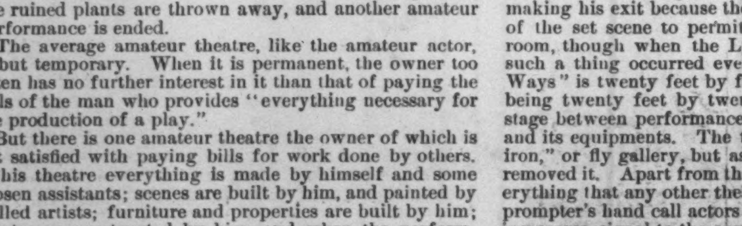
THE husk of the darkness slips away;
Out of the dusk blooms the flower of day.

And the sweetest thing in the world to me
Is the chatter of children full of glee,
The patter of feet on the nursery floor,
The rap of elves at my chamber door;
All the little ones wide awake,
I face the world for the children's sake.

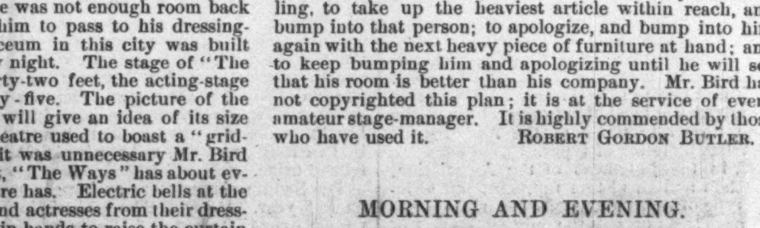
In the gathering dusk the day-flower shuts;
Wearily plodding in year-long ruts
I seek my home; as I turn the key,
The chatter of children welcomes me.

Never was music half so sweet
As the merry rush of the little feet;
I hear the sound of a blithe uproar
As I turn the key in my dear home door;
With hurry and flurry the little band
Fall on me, storm me, seize my hand,
And then the soft warm cloak of the dusk
Wraps the day in a circling husk.
The stars come out, the day is done,
Sleep gathers my babies, every one,
And what do I care for the world's hard fight,
I am safe with my own till the morning light.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



THE STAGE OF "THE WAYS."



THE AUDITORIUM OF "THE WAYS" FROM THE STAGE.

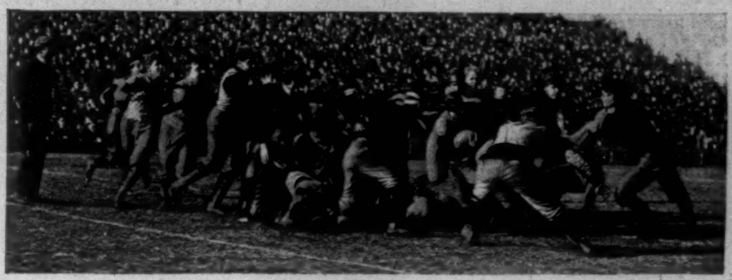
AMATEUR SPORT

THE AMATEUR IN BRITISH GOLF.

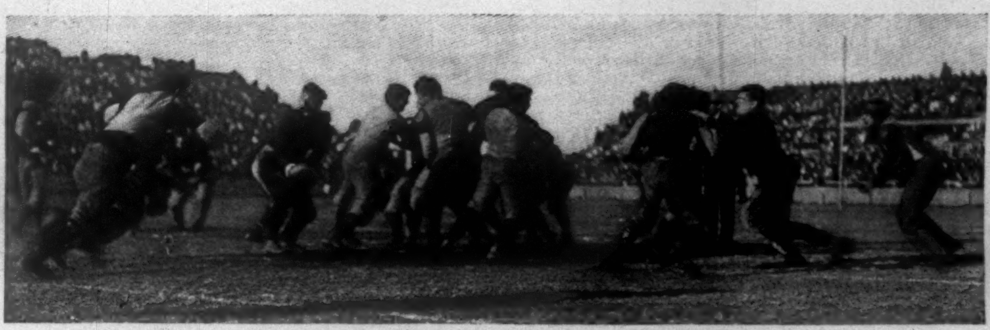
To any one who is not a Scotsman, or at least an Englishman, it surely must seem that we are extraordinarily slow in finding out our meanings or our wishes with regard to the royal and ancient game of golf. For, seeing that it is so very ancient, it was at least to be expected that we should have had all our definitions clearly cut and fixed hard and fast by this end of the nineteenth century; and yet here we are in quite two minds about such an important and seemingly elementary point as our definition of an amateur. A man may well be in some honest doubt himself as to whether he be qualified to play as an amateur or no, and it may even happen that he may be able to take his place in one competition as an amateur, but be debarred from entering another on the ground that he is a professional. No doubt the place in which we should naturally look for a definition of the dividing-line would be in the conditions that govern the amateur championship competition; and in these conditions we do, as a matter of fact, find just such a definition, clearly enough expressed, whatever our view may be of its wisdom or of the authority that it exercises over other amateur competitions. In those conditions it is laid down that—

An amateur golfer shall be a golfer who has never made for sale golf clubs, balls, or any other article [a journalistic article is, presumably, excepted] connected with the game; who has never carried clubs for hire after attaining the age of fifteen years, and who has not carried clubs for hire at any time within six years of the date at which the competition begins in each year; who has never received any consideration for playing in a match, or for giving lessons in the game, and who, for a period of five years prior to the 1st of September, 1886, has never received a money prize in any open competition.

On the first glance it is natural to be surprised at the nicely adjusted limits of time named in the amateur qualification; but it is to be remembered that at the institution of the amateur championship, in 1886, the golfing amateur had virtually to be created. It has lately happened to the green committee of the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews to be asked whether a professional in any other game could play as an amateur at golf. The green committee, rather guardedly, gave it as their opinion that a man professionally following another branch of sport might enter an amateur competition at golf; but of course this dictum need not be accepted by the management of other competitions. In the absence of a central authority, all sorts of hieroglyphics, erasures, and what not—found a set of rules that suited St. Andrews fairly well, but did not suit the golfing world at large. Then we began seeking wisdom of St. Andrews, which sometimes she did not trouble herself much to impart to us, and which sometimes did not seem to us the highest possible wisdom when we had attained it. We drifted about in our doubts; and yet we all felt that any suggestion of forming a committee apart from St. Andrews would offend many and have no success. The suggestion, it was pointed out, should emanate from St. Andrews itself. St. Andrews has now at length assented to this view of the position, and the green committee of the Royal and Ancient Club, at the late autumn meeting, submitted a proposal to the general meeting for the establishment of a permanent committee to act as a central authority, interpretative to all the world of the rules of golf, but without power of altering, repealing, or enacting laws for the game until such alterations or additions should have received the sanction of a general meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club. The composition of the proposed committee is remarkable. It is to consist, according to the present suggestion, of fourteen members, of whom half are to be members of the Royal and Ancient Club; the chairman, who is to have a casting vote, is to be a member of the Royal and Ancient, and the committee is to meet twice a year, both times at St. Andrews. The remaining moiety of the committee is to be composed of representatives of certain named clubs, one from each. And a fact perhaps even more remarkable than the proposed preponderance of the Royal and Ancient element on this committee is that no one has thought of raising the slightest objection to this preponderance. We can willingly let St. Andrews take the whole matter into her own hands so long as we can be confident that our questions shall be answered by a really competent body, and shall not be at the mercy of a couple of members who may happen to be at St. Andrews at the moment we address our questions thither. St. Andrews, we all feel, ought to be the source of all our inspiration, and all the leading clubs have given in their adherence to the proposed plan; and in the spring we may hope to see in material existence that central authority, for which we have waited so long, to answer our doubts on the question of the amateur qualification, and solve all the riddles of the golfing sphinx.



HARVARD BREAKING UP PRINCETON'S INTERFERENCE ON A TACKLE PLAY.
Beale and Dunlop about to tackle the Runner Kelly.



BEALE PASSING BALL TO COZZENS FOR A RUN THROUGH TACKLE AND GUARD HOLE.
Showing that Harvard could make Holes in Princeton's Line, but the Backs were too slow to take Advantage of the Openings.

explicitly recognized, it is open to any local powers to make what regulations they please.

As a matter of fact, Sir George Newnes has given a cup to be played for in foursome tournament, open to any club within a certain radius of Charing Cross, with conditions of play distinctly prohibiting any man who makes his living out of any other form of sport or game calling himself an amateur golfer for the purposes of this competition. So we are brought face to face with this anomaly: that a cricket professional, let us say, may enter for the amateur championship, and yet, though he be amateur golf champion, may be prohibited from entering for Sir George Newnes's cup because he is a professional. Of course the absurdity is flagrant, and only shows yet again how badly we, in Great Britain, are in need of that central authority which now at length promises to take material shape.

It must, inevitably, be a great wonder to any who is not a Briton that we have not invented that central authority long ago. The United States have solved the problem without any trouble; for, in point of fact, for them the problem did not exist. As with their political constitution, so with their golfing constitution—they had a blank sheet to write it on. But what had we? When golf began to "boom" we found the sheet covered with

LONDON, *November* 1, 1896. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON CREDITS US with more amateur spirit than some of our prominent golfers have revealed. To say that the amateur problem has been solved here "without trouble," or that the "problem did not exist," is, to be sure, a flattering over-estimate of our players' sportsmanship and our legislators' discernment.

Indeed, we have had troubles of our own. And the exasperating feature of our ailment has been the needlessness of it. There was, in fact, no occasion for our meeting any of the difficulties British golf had encountered. We might easily have profited by England's experience. It would have been common-sense to do so; hence Mr. Hutchinson's assumption that we had.

Our trouble arose originally and chiefly because of an executive body with no particular individual or collective grasp of the situation, and an acute case of Anglomania.

This, that, and the other thing was permitted in British golf, and so, they argued, it must be tolerated in the United States game.

SINCE THE INTRODUCTION OF GOLF in this country, and until within the last few months, we have, in fact, been not attempting to solve the amateur problem, but absolutely ignoring it. Offence against the ethics of amateur sport has in golf been more flagrant here in the new country than in the old, because of our national characteristic for developing possibilities to their uttermost. We have viewed with complacency inconsistencies in golfing status that would not be allowed in any other amateur sport.

Happily for our sportsmanly reputation, the United States Golf Association has at last disposed of the question, and given us an amateur definition which reflects credit upon the American game and upon the Executive Committee of our Association.

In a meeting last week, with President T. A. Havemeyer in the chair, and C. B. Macdonald, Laurence Curtis, and H. O. Tallmadge in attendance, the eligibility and amateur questions were thoroughly discussed, and sections 9 and 10 of the by-laws amended to read as follows:

SEC. 9. An amateur golfer shall be a golfer who has never received a money consideration for playing in a match or for giving lessons in the game, or for example of his skill in or knowledge of golf, nor laid out nor taken charge of golf links for hire; who has never contended for a money prize in an open competition; who has never carried clubs for hire after attaining the age of fifteen years; who has never personally made golf clubs, balls, or any other articles connected with the game for sale; and who on and after January 1, 1897, has never played a match game against a professional for a money bet or stake, nor played in a club competition for a money prize or sweepstakes.

Section 10 was amended to read:

SEC. 10. No person shall be eligible to compete for the amateur championship or in any golfing contest between clubs, members of this association, who after January 1, 1897, has received compensation for services performed in any athletic organization or in any capacity connected with the game of golf. But persons debarred by any of the foregoing provisions of this section, having become ineligible by violation thereof, may, by the Executive Committee, be duly reinstated if their position then conforms with the rules and regulations of this Association. But no person once a professional can be reinstated as an amateur. Only members of clubs belonging to this Association, subscribers for the season thereto, and those entitled under the rules of any associate or allied club to the use of the links, in whole or in part, for a period not less than the entire current season, can compete for the amateur and women's championships, and competitors must enter for the championships through the secretaries of their respective clubs, who, in sending in their names, shall be held to certify that the players are *bona fide* golfers in accordance with the terms of the foregoing definition.

ONE OF THE MOST TROUBLESOME questions of the golfing year has concerned the eligibility to team competitions of players belonging to two or more clubs. There being no rule to the contrary, men have played on as many teams as the inclination suggested and the opportunity afforded, and in many cases this has prevented a genuine test of club-team strength.

The Committee settled this matter as effectually and as wisely as that of the amateur, the following amendment resulting:

SEC. 29. In team competitions between clubs belonging to this Association any member belonging to more than one club shall elect which club he will represent as his home club, and he shall not thereafter play on the team of any other club, except with the permission of the Greens Committee of his home club.

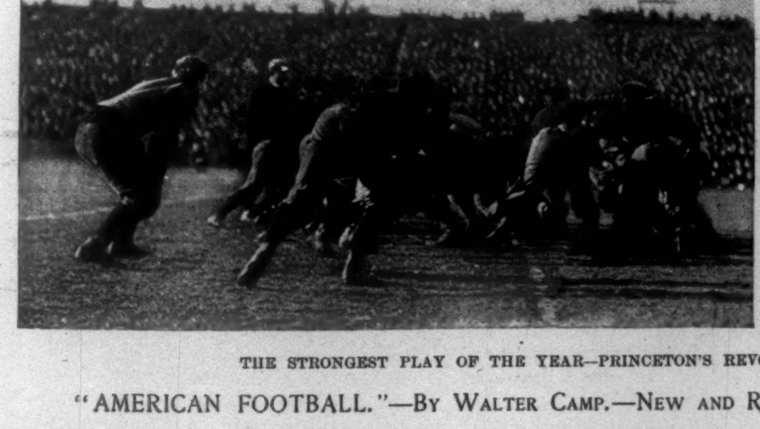
That former Section 29 should read as heretofore, and be numbered Section 30.

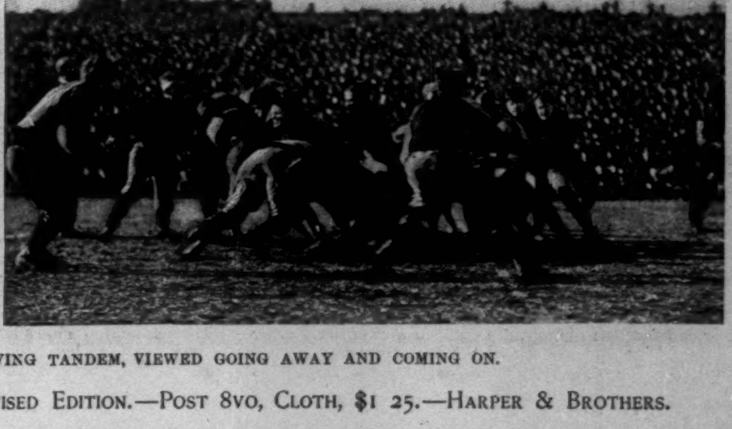
Yet another excellent provision is that which spares us from seeing professional players lounging about the links in all manner of slovenly attire:

That the Executive Committee request that in all professional contests under the auspices of clubs members of this Association the Greens Committees of said clubs insist that the contestants be properly attired.

AN INTER-COLLEGIATE GOLF TOURNAMENT was inaugurated by Yale and Columbia last week on the Ardsley links, which promises to become a feature in the golfing as well as in the college world of general sport. For some years an inter-university team match between Oxford and Cambridge has been an annual fixture in Great Britain, and there is every good reason, now that the game has attained such popularity in the United States, for adding golf to the list of competitive college sports over here.

The match between Yale and Columbia was for teams of six, and Yale won easily, with a score of 35 to 0. Her team comprised W. R. Betts, Roderick Terry, Jun., W. B.





THE STRONGEST PLAY OF THE YEAR—PRINCETON'S REVOLVING TANDEM, VIEWED GOING AWAY AND COMING ON.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—BY WALTER CAMP.—NEW AND REVISED EDITION.—POST 8VO, CLOTH, $1 25.—HARPER & BROTHERS.

Smith, T. C. Havemeyer, John Reid, Jun., and Craig Colgate. The Columbia team included Lindsley Tappin, G. C. Pier, H. C. Mortimer, Jun., S. F. Morris, L. Mortimer, and Monson Morris.

The best scores were made by Terry, 88; Reid, 90; Betts, 93; Pier, 96; Tappin, 100; Havemeyer, 100; Morris, 107; and Mortimer, 108. Most of the games were won by large margins, the only match with anything like a close finish being between Morris and Havemeyer, while Mortimer at the ninth hole had his opponent one down, but fell off in play subsequently. The golf was fair.

Next year we shall hope to see teams entered from the other universities.

ANOTHER INTERESTING TEAM MATCH was that between Staten Island Cricket Club and Fairfield County Golf Club on the new links of the former. The teams were of ten men, and the match won by Staten Island, with 20 holes to spare, the score being 30 to 10 in their favor. The best golf of the day was developed in the match between G. E. Armstrong, Staten Island, and C. S. Cox, Fairfield, which the former won, making a record for two rounds of the course in 87. J. W. Curtiss, Fairfield, and F. Roberts, Staten Island, had an exciting contest, finishing even.

Play for the Baldwin handicap cup at St. Andrews brought out nine contestants and some excellent golf, A. M. Robbins (handicap 6) winning with 85, and beating W. H. Sands (scratch) by a stroke. B. S. de Garmendia, with a handicap of 2, made the course in 91, and was tied by Peter Fletcher and James Brown, with handicaps of 15 and 7 respectively.

Probably the most interesting golf of the week was provided by C. B. Macdonald and A. M. Coats in a match on the Knollwood course. Macdonald was not up to his best in the morning, but in the afternoon drove far and accurately, although both were in difficulties several times. In the morning Coats did the rounds in 44 and 39, to Macdonald's 43 and 41; in the afternoon Macdonald did 46 and 39, to his opponent's 51 and 49.

THIRTEEN WOMEN STARTED out a year ago in a pelting rain-storm at Meadow Brook, Long Island, and played for the title of the Ladies' Championship at Golf. At the second annual meeting, held recently at Morristown, there were twenty-nine entries and twenty-five starters, but the notable advance was not so much in point of numbers as in the character of the play. The really fine work shown by the three leaders, Miss Beatrix Hoyt, Mrs. Arthur Turnure, and Miss Cora Oliver, was a genuine surprise, and indicates an all-round improvement in golfing skill among the women that is proportionally greater than that which obtains among the men. To summarize briefly some of the results:

Miss Hoyt, of the Shinnecock Hills Club, won first prize in the medal competition with a score of 95 for twice around the nine-hole course. The day before (in practice), she made the round in 43, figures which would indicate a hypothetical 86 for the full eighteen holes. Miss Griscom, of the Philadelphia Country Club, and Mrs. Shippen, of the Morris County Club, tied for second place with 102 strokes. Miss Sands was fourth with 103, and the four other qualifying scores included three ties at 105 and one card at 111. In the blind handicap on Saturday, over the long and difficult eighteen-hole course, Miss Griscom returned a score of 107, figures which would be considered very fair for the Class B men. All this indicates creditable work, and, in a word—golf.

THE MATCH PLAY BY HOLES was marked by steady work, Miss Griscom being the only one among the leaders to fall off in her form under the nervous tension of the struggle. Miss Hoyt, the winner, had an easy time with Miss McLane in the first round, but Mrs. Turnure gave her an unexpectedly close match in the finals. On actual form Miss Hoyt should have won hands down, for Mrs. Turnure's style looks stiff and labored in comparison with the dash and brilliancy of Miss Hoyt's game. But Mrs. Turnure possesses experience, cool judgment, and invincible determination, and these are great golfing qualities, especially in the match game. The struggle was a fine one up to the sixteenth hole, when Mrs. Turnure finally weakened under the strain of four days' hard play. This does not alter the fact, however, that Miss Hoyt showed the best golf of the tournament, and that she won on her merit. Her game is natural, easy, and confident, qualities which are indispensable for honors of the first class. The game put up by Miss Oliver and Miss Griscom was in a measure along these same lines, and shows promise for the future. Of the veterans, Mrs. Shippen showed the most marked improvement over her last year's form.

THE FOLLOWING LIST OF MEMBERS of the L. A. W. Racing Board is published in order that sportsmen willing to aid in keeping racing wholesome may know the sectional officials to whom information should be sent concerning local deviation from amateur lines. And the sympathy and co-operation of this Department may always be counted upon in casting the unclean out of amateur sport.

MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL RACING BOARD.

G. D. Gideon, Chairman, 17 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
H. W. Robinson, 89 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
E. H. Croninger, 153 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Fred. Gerlach, 56 Montauk Block, Chicago, Illinois.
D. W. Robert, 2922 Washington Street, St. Louis, Missouri.
R. M. Welch, 532 California Street, San Francisco, California.
A. D. Wait, Cohoes, New York.

Members of the board have had assigned them the following territory:

DISTRICT A.—Mr. Robinson in charge of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.

DISTRICT B.—Mr. Gideon in charge of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, District of Columbia, Virginia, North and South Carolina.

DISTRICT C.—Mr. Croninger in charge of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida.

DISTRICT D.—Mr. Gerlach in charge of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Michigan, Dakota, and Nebraska.

DISTRICT E.—Mr. Robert in charge of Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory.

DISTRICT F.—Mr. Wait in charge of New York State.

DISTRICT G.—Mr. Welch in charge of California, Nevada, Oregon, Arizona, Utah, Washington, and Idaho.

THE REVISED FOOTBALL RULES, for the first time in American football history, are codified and entirely clear of ambiguities, and are withal the best rules yet put together for the game. Probably the most important change relates to the position and number of men in the line-up for a scrimmage. The rule reads:

> "When the ball is put in play, at least five men must be on the line of the scrimmage. If, when the ball is put in play, five players, not including the quarter-back, be behind the line of scrimmage and inside of the positions occupied by players at end of said line, then two of these players must be at least five yards back of said line."

This insures a much-desired limitation of momentum plays, but does not entirely eliminate mass formations, as the present season has demonstrated.

We are likewise promised relief from piling up if the referee attends strictly to his duty, the rule providing that he blow his whistle instantly the runner is down, and penalize those who disregard it. The rule relating to a free catch has, after much experiment, been given its original reading, with increased penalty for disobeying. The player catching the ball must heel it, and if interfered with on such occasions he is given fifteen yards. In this manner the catcher is protected from vicious rushers, and the possibilities of one of the prettiest plays on the field not ridiculously restricted as last year. Only one man on the team may take more than one step before the ball is put in play; the quarter-back kick to the end rusher is made more difficult, the rule demanding the end to be behind the ball when it is kicked, and the ball to be kicked ahead of both the line and the end rusher.

The greatest blessing of all is to have one set of rules in place of the three differing ones of last year.

YALE AND PRINCETON, and Harvard and Pennsylvania, meet next Saturday in New York and Philadelphia, and for all save the Pennsylvania team, which has yet to meet Cornell Thanksgiving day, the football season of '96 will have run its course. And an erratic and intensely interesting course it has been. It is a rare and most unusual occurrence when the goal-lines of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, or Pennsylvania have been crossed by the teams of smaller colleges, but this year all the leaders have had their goal-lines crossed, and some of them more than once. Indeed, it has been the exception when one of them was not scored against. This is explained, first of all, by the fact that the smaller colleges are playing better football every year, and this closing season has revealed a couple of exceptionally strong ones in Lafayette and the Carlisle Indian School teams. The latter has proved somewhat of a season's wonder. Football is but three years old at their school, and this eleven of '96 is grounded merely in the rudiments of the game, yet it virtually played Yale a tie game, held Harvard to a single touch-down, and was defeated by Princeton 22–6, and by Pennsylvania 21–0; and it has played a clean game in a sportsmanly fashion at all times.

This is the most commendable feature of the Indians' play. Another is their having played the strongest four teams of the year in four successive weeks with practically no change in the make-up of their team—an achievement which no other eleven has ever attained, and conclusive proof, in my opinion, against the value of the needless and injury-producing hard practice-work to which all the large college elevens are subjected. All in all, the Indians have made a record this year of which they may well be proud.

IF COMPARATIVE SCORES could be relied upon to indicate winners, Princeton and Pennsylvania might be written down as the successful teams of next Saturday. But the comparison of scores produces little that is trustworthy and much that is misleading. To take, for instance, the successive games of the Indians against Princeton, Yale, Harvard, and Pennsylvania. Princeton rounded into form much earlier than any of the others, and at the time of meeting the Indians—indeed up to last Saturday—was showing the best football of the season. Yale, at the time of her game with the Indians, was at the most vulnerable period of her development. Harvard was in a still more embarrassing period of her development, besides being so considerably handicapped by cripples and substitutes as to weaken her offensive, and make reliance on defensive work the only hope of keeping the score down. Pennsylvania had just recovered from a period of depression and inharmonious play, and put up the strongest game she had shown up to that time. Add to these facts the additional one that the Indians played their strongest games against Yale and Harvard, and the untrustworthiness is apparent of an opinion of the present comparative strength of Yale, Princeton, Harvard, and Pennsylvania based on their games with the Indians.

THE TRUTH TO TELL, no games ever approached where the results were, in my judgment, more uncertain. And this in spite of the fact that at this writing (November 13) Princeton and Pennsylvania must be said to have odds of winning somewhat in their favor.

Princeton's work in a Yale game has always been excessively difficult to forecast. With a few exceptions, she somehow has never played so hard a game against Yale as against either Harvard or Pennsylvania. Last year she had a team equally as good as the present one, and some plays of about as much strength as the now notable revolving tandem; she had also the same men back of the line, barring the quarter, yet played just the wrong kind of game, and was beaten by a score that did not really represent the difference between the actual strength of the two teams.

This year has supplied evidence of an improved spirit in the play of the men, and wiser counsel in their direction. If the team does not next Saturday play the hard skilled game of which it is capable, we shall never again be justified in reposing confidence in Princeton's efforts.

ASSUMING PRINCETON TO PLAY her best game, it is by no means clear to me that she is certain of victory. I fully believe the chances to be in her favor, but those chances will permit of no juggling, and in any event I expect to see a very close game that may be decided by a field-goal or a blocked kick. The Yale team is considerably underestimated. It is true the material for half-backs has not been up to the usual Yale standard, but that standard, it should be remembered, is an exceptionally high one. No other university has had such a multitude of clever men behind the line in the last four or five years as Yale. Nevertheless, I doubt if we see any fatal weakness behind Yale's line next Saturday. A great deal of improvement has been made in the last ten days, and will continue until next Friday. At this time a final choice has not been made, but the chances favor Mills and Benjamin at half, and Hinkey, of course, at full in case he escapes his present siege of tonsilitis; if not, then Hine. There are, indeed, several possible combinations behind Yale's line made likely by the recent development of Hine, who has, until within a week, been playing on the scrub. His punting is about as good as Hinkey's and very little inferior to Baird's, and his running netted more gains to the 'varsity in practice last week than that of any other back. He has done better work than Chauncey. Connor is another possibility behind the line, in which case his place at end would be filled by Hazen. Van Every has all the natural qualifications, but has not made so good a showing as any of the others.

YALE'S LINE WILL BE STRONG; there need be no doubt on that score. With the exception of left guard and centre and right end, it will be the same as last year, and not enough weaker at any of these places than in '95 to occasion alarm. Princeton's centre should be a little stronger than Yale's, as it was also last year, indeed, although Yale will be stronger at one of the guard positions. At tackle it will be about an even thing between Murphy and Church on one side of the line, but on the other Yale will be quite a little stronger with Rodgers. At end it is also about even, with a slight advantage possibly in favor of Princeton. At quarter Yale has in Fincke probably the best man of the year in his position, besides which he is a fairly certain handler of punts, and will undoubtedly play well back in the field when Yale is on the defensive. It is not improbable he may go even to full-back, and be replaced at quarter by Ely, who, although not so good as Fincke, will not materially weaken the play at that position.

Princeton must depend on Baird for all her kicking, while Yale will have two, and possibly three, men behind the line who can return the ball. This must be considered an important advantage in a game so filled with kicking as that of next Saturday is certain to be. I incline to the opinion that in offensive line-work Yale will somewhat excel Princeton, despite the latter's strong running backs. On defensive line-work, Princeton has not shown such stalwart repulsion of attack as I have seen Yale exhibit on occasion. Harvard opened the Princeton line for huge holes, and if her backs had not been so slow in starting, would certainly have made the result of that game much closer. Yale's backs are not likely to be slow in starting, whatever other failings they may have, and as Yale is invariably sharp and aggressive in offensive work, Princeton's line must be stiffer than it was at Cambridge to keep the blue from driving across her goal-line.

The fortune of the day will probably be decided by kicking—although it is always the unexpected which happens—and for that reason, if Princeton plays her best game, and plays it from start to finish, she must be considered to have the better chance of leaving the field victorious.

IF THE HARVARD BACKS were at this writing (November 13) starting rapidly, I should strongly incline to belief in her success against Pennsylvania next Saturday.

If that quality could be given them even in the remaining one week's practice, I would still have confidence in the crimson winning. But were the two teams to play to-day, I should be equally confident of a Pennsylvania victory. I am counting, in this, on Wrightington's being on the field to captain his eleven; no team could win captained as was Harvard the last half of the Princeton game. Harvard showed at the beginning of the season she had the material for a very strong team, but after the Cambridge manner, to which we have grown accustomed, though by no means reconciled, the most had not been got out of it, certainly at the time of the Princeton game.

If Harvard's *alumni* ever succeed in sinking individual prejudice and self-complacency, and unite in the interest of their *alma mater*, perhaps there will be an end to these "hard-luck" stories. Harvard's luck is all right. What she needs are harmony, competent management, and some evidence the student body appreciates eleven boys are playing their hearts out for the athletic glorification of Fair Harvard. I never heard so wretched an attempt at cheering as at the Princeton game—and while there were yet ten minutes left of the second half, the Harvard stands began emptying their occupants into the exits!

PERHAPS I AM RECKONING without my host, but I believe Harvard will play a better game next Saturday—will play her best game—and if she does, I rather feel the crimson eleven will score its first important victory for several years. And yet I am well aware the team is quite as apt to go to pieces and play poorly. The line will be stronger than it was against Princeton, for besides having had the experience of that game, it will also have, if all goes well, the services of Haughton and Wheeler at tackle, and these two are Harvard's best, and very good ones indeed. Cabot will be in better shape for end, and with Moulton, who against Princeton proved a much more valuable man than A. Brewer, on the other end, Harvard will be the strongest in these positions of any one of the four leaders. Pennsylvania will be somewhat, not much, stronger at guard, but Harvard should equalize that superiority by a more experienced snapper-back.

Behind the line Pennsylvania has in Gelbert one of the best half-backs of the year, and Harvard in Wrightington has another; Dunlop is a more consistent ground-gainer than Morice, and Brown handles kicks better than Minds, though he is not so strong a runner.

At quarter-back Harvard is quite a bit superior, and this fact as much as any other influences the feeling that Pennsylvania will be defeated if Harvard shows the game of which her men are capable. Wharton and Woodruff will be called on to do herculean work, what with playing their own positions, helping out a comparatively new centre, and protecting the quarter. A blocked kick will be a feature of the scoring, unless all signs fail. Harvard's defence is the best of all the elevens, and her offence, if handled with any judgment, should be quite as strong as Pennsylvania's. Pennsylvania's centre, quarter, and full-back make a new piston-rod that is not likely to run smoothly at all times, and to be accountable for lost opportunities on occasion. Harvard's centre machinery is in splendid running order.

No game of the year will be so interesting as this one, and the outcome of none more uncertain.

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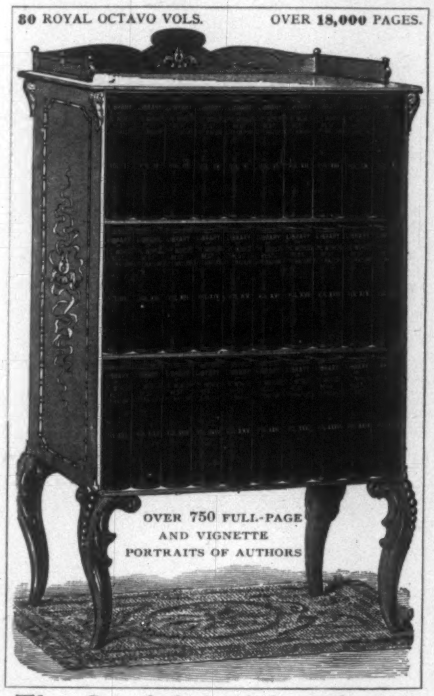

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